

THE TRUE
HISTORY
OF
CARA MUSTAPHA.
Late GRAND
VISIER.

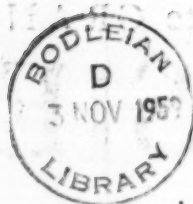
BEING

*A most faithful account of his first rising,
the several degrees of his Fortune, his
Amours in the Serraglio, his Emplois,
the true cause of his undertaking the
Siege of Vienna, together with the par-
ticulars of his death.*

Written Originally in French by a Per-
son of quality, and now translated
in English by Francis Philon. Gent.

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to the Bear, in St. Martin's Lane in
Fleet-Street.

THE TALE
HISTORY
OF
CARA MISTAPHA.



BEING

A complete account of the life and
the principal events of the reign of
the late King of the Kingdom of
the Kingdom of the Kingdom of
the Kingdom of the Kingdom of
the Kingdom of the Kingdom of

Written by the late King of the Kingdom of
the Kingdom of the Kingdom of
the Kingdom of the Kingdom of

Printed by the late King of the Kingdom of
the Kingdom of the Kingdom of
the Kingdom of the Kingdom of

T O T H E
READER!

THis Book containeth the whole
Life of Cara Mustapha, late
Grand Visier, who was Strangled last
Year at Buda, by order of the Grand
Seignior, his Enemies having turned
into a crime, the necessity he had been
brought unto, to raise the Siege of
Vienna, 'tis an History, which hath
deserved a general approbation in its
own Country, and 'tis not to be doubt-
ed, but it will find the same accep-
tance in its Travels in England,
being dressed up after the English
fashion. The most secret intrigues
of the Serraglio, are there traced
with so much likely hood, that it is
impossible to forbear being convin-

To the Reader.

ced, that they have occasioned all the misfortunes of this famous Minister.

That Plate which you see at the beginning of the Book, may instruct you with the sad manner, and fatal Ceremonies of his death ; whilst he was reading the Grand Seignior's Warrant for his Execution, one of the two Agas, who had been trusted with that cruel Commission, set down before him a rich embroidered Cushion to kneel upon, and make his last Prayer, and the other at the same time put a silk Rope about his Neck, and Strangled him ; without allowing him liberty to speak a word, after he had ended his Prayer ; There you see the Divan assembled, the Grand Visier reading the Order, the general amazement of the attendants, the joy of some, the trouble of the others, and all the circumstances of that dreadful

To the Reader.

full Spectacle, as they are explained by the notes beneath. This Book recommends it self so well by its own merit, that it would be needless for me to speak any more in its commendation; this only I will venture to say, that both they that seek meerly for pastime, and pleasure in the reading of a Book, cannot but take a great delight in seeing here the subtle management of love tricks at the Turkish Court; and those that are for instruction, may be here abundantly satisfied, if they but reflect upon the wonderful resolutions, that appear in the whole stream of this great Man's fortune, from his very Cradle to his Death; nay, they that are truly pious will find here a fair opportunity to adore the Judgments of God, and confess that this Grand Visier, who had contrived the Death of two eminent Basha's in the Ottoman Empire,

To the Reader.

was at last justly and deservedly paid with his own coyn. In fine, they that are true Patriots, and deserve to bear the glorious name of English Men, cannot but be very sensible of their happiness, when they see in the several transactions of this History, the most Tyrannical Government of the Turkish Empire; they cannot, I say, but praise God, Love and Honour from the heart, our Most Gracious and Merciful King, when they consider, how happy is the condition of Subjects, that live under a Monarch, who makes the Law the only Rule of his Government, in comparison to that of those, who groan under the heavy Yoke of a Prince, who follows no other rule, but his own will. I will put an end to this advertisement, by giving a short explanation of some obscure terms, which I thought not fit to alter in the translation of
this

To the Reader.

this Book, to help thereby those who have perhaps never heard of them in their life.

The Serraglio means properly a Palace, but it is commonly understood of that, wherein the Grand Signior dwelleth.

The Port is the Turkish Court.

The Grand Vifier is the supream Minister of State, such as were formerly the Mayors of the Palace in France, the Ximeneses in Spain, and lately the Richelieus and Mazarinis beyond Sea.

Bashaws are like our Lords in England, who Command the Armies, and are made Governours in the several Provinces and Places of the Empire.

Beglierbey is a Viceroy of a whole Kingdom, who hath under him many Bashaws.

Caplan Bashaw is the High Admiral of Turkey, who not only com-

To the Reader.

mands the Fleet, but hath also Authority over all Islands, and Seaport Towns, or Fortresses of the Archipelago.

Aga is a Colonel or Captain of a Troop, Regiment, or the whole Body of the Janisaries gradually.

Spahis is a Horseman.

Cadi is the chief Justice of a Province or Town.

The Divan is understood either of the assembly, or of the place of the Council.

Itchoglans, are young Men bred in the Serraglio, almost after the manner of our Pages in Europe, they are sent thither from all parts of the Empire, and chosen amongst those that the Governours send yearly to Constantinople, as a tribute due to the Grand Seignior by the several Provinces.

A Selam is a kind of Nosegay, or rather a little Basket full of Flowers.

To the Reader.

ers, whose quality, colour, simetry and proportion, are as much expressive of the passions of love amongst the Turks, as our Billets or Love-letters in Europe.

I cannot but observe you at last, that the History of Donna Emanuela is not a fiction; 'tis an incident, the Gazett took notice of, at the time when that fair Spanish Lady was taken.

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T H E
HISTORY
O F
CARA MUSTAPHA
G R A N D
VISIER.

O F all the Monarchies of the World, that of the *Ottomans* is without contradiction, the most despotick and absolute: All the Subjects of that vast Empire, are Slaves to the *Grand Seignior*; Birth giveth no rank amongst them; Children do not inherit their Fathers Estate; nay, the *Bashaws* themselves,
B know

know not their own Parents , the most part of them being stoll'n away in their most tender years, and brought into the *Serraglio*, wherein they learn all sorts of Exercises. There they are bred in such a great submission to the *Sultan's* orders, that they make to themselves a principle of Religion, to yield up their heads without repining, when that Prince demands them, ~~for,~~ ~~asketh for them,~~ being satisfied, they go straightway to Heaven, if they be happy enough as to dye, either for the Service, or by the Command of their Emperour. As the *Sultans* do ordinarily leave, all the care of the state to the vigilancy of the Grand Visier, that first Minister, hath a boundless and illimited Authority; he bestoweth favours as he lists, and never wants fair pretences, to rid himself of those who have displeas'd him. All the other Visiers or *Bashaws* give him an account of that, which concerns their Ministry, and the Emperour is never acquainted with other things, but such as the Grand Visier is willing to have him know; even to that

if the Prince comes to the *Divan*, that is the Council-board, his presence serves for nothing else, but to give more credit to the motions of the Grand Visier, which are always approved of, without that any of the other Ministers durst contradict him. Nevertheless, that exceeding great power freeth him not from often being exposed, to the danger of losing his life, through the secret Cabals, which are contrived against him, within the *Serraglio*, although he doeth his best endeavours to prevent them, by making sure of the protection of the *Sultaneſſes*, and the friendship of the Eunuchs; and because the *Sultaneſſes* are always sensible, either to love, or to ambition, and the Eunuchs do seek how to satisfy their insatiable covetousness, that gives occasion to an infinite number of intrigues; so that, notwithstanding the great precautions of the Grand Seignior, and the external rudeness of the Eunuchs, there always passeth some secret gallantry within the Palace, by such like intrigues *Cara Mustapha* arrived to

the place of Grand Visier; but, that we might give a more perfect and clear knowledge of it, we must come back and search into the very Principles of the matter.

The Grand Visier *Orcan*, having displeased the *Sultaneſs* Queen *Kioſem*, was ſtrangled in the Reign of *Ibrahim*. The Janiſſaries, who loved that Miniſter, revolted thereupon, and reſolved to revenge his death. Their fury brought them to ſuch an extremity, that they cut off *Ibrahim's* head, and ſet his Son on the Throne. That Son was but Six years old, who is this now Reigning Emperour, under the name of *Mahomet* the Fourth. They did however conſent, the Government ſhould be given to the *Sultaneſs* *Kioſem*, Mother of him whom they had juſt now Sacrificed to their Vengeance. That Princeſs who had much Wiſdom, and was jealous of the pregnant wit of the *Sultaneſs* *Valide* Mother to the Reigning Monarch, made a new Cabal for the undoing of *Mahomet*, and ſetting up in his place *Suleiman*, his Brother, who was Son

of another *Sultaneſs*. The *Sultaneſs Validé* having diſcovered that Intrigue, had intereſt enough among the *Janifſaries*, to put them upon a ſecond revolt. The Old *Sultaneſs* loſt her life in that ſedition, and the *Sultaneſs Validé*, was proclaimed Regent of the Empire. After all thoſe troubles, the *Ottoman* Monarchy enjoyed a long calm, through the great care of the *Sultaneſs*, and the peaceable temper of the Prime Viſier *Boinou-Egri*; but the Eunuch, who has the direction of the treaſure, having retrenched ſomething of the *Spahis* pay, which are the *Turkiſh* Horſe, they revolted, and made ſtrange diſorders. They could not be appeaſed, but by the Sacrifice of two of the chief Eunuchs of the *Serraglio*, whom they ſtrangled preſently; which ſo much incenſed the *Eunuchs*, that they ever ſince that time, conceived an implacable hatred againſt the *Spahis*, and put all Engins at work for a revenge. Nay, the *Sultaneſs Validé* had a ſhare in their juſt reſentment, and promiſed them to take a convenient time for the pu-

nishment of the Criminals. She spoke about it several times to the Grand Visier; but that Minister, who had not courage and resolution enough to undertake such a dangerous revenge, found therein a great deal of difficulties: So the *Sultaneſs* being pressed by the Eunuchs, resolved to cause the Grand Visier to be deposed, and designed for his Successor the Famous *Kioupruli*, who had the repute of a fearless Soldier, and was accounted a Man of a vast capacity. She communicated her designs to the *Ke-haia*, or Master of the *Serraglio*, and order'd him to wait upon *Kioupruli* from her, for to acquaint him with that great Fortune he was designed unto, thereby to engage him, to be for ever inviolably bound to her interests. The *Sultan* who Governed through his Mothers Councils, approved of the resolution she had taken. *Boinou-Egri* was turn'd out, and *Kioupruli* Proclaimed Grand Visier with a general applause. A little while after, he found a way how to disunite the *Spahis*; they were dispersed,

perfed, and then feparately punifhed for their revolt, by order of *Kioupruli*. That Minifter having fo answered the hopes of the *Sultaneſs Valide*, got deep into the Grand Seigniors eſteem, and purchaſed the friendſhip of the Eunuchs, who have always ever ſince ſought the occaſions to ſhew him their ſenſiblenefs thereof; that which much contributed to the Fortune of the Grand Viſier *Cara Muſtapha*. *Kioupruli* who owned him to be his Kinſman, had put him in the *Serraglio*, there to be brought up together with a great number of young folks, that are called *Itchoglans*. The Eunuchs, the care of their breeding is committed unto, thought themſelves happy to have frequent occaſions of favouring *Muſtapha*, who, of himſelf was a very comely and witty young Man, and did in all his Exercifes, behave himſelf to the admiration of the whole Court; ſo that, either by his own merit, or through the favour of the Maſter of the *Serraglio*, he got in leſs then ten years, into the Treafure Chamber, which is

the post of distinction, and the first door of the Temple of Fortune; for the *Itchoglans* that serve there, do often approach the Grand Seigniors Person, and usually arrive to the eminentest dignities of the State.

The *Beglierbey* of *Egypt* being dead, his most precious goods were brought into the *Sultan's* Treasure, and because there were found a great many most curious things, the Grand Seignior invited the *Sultaneſs* his Mother to take a view of them; and although the like is almost never practised, obliged her to come along with him into the Treasure Chamber, attended by two of her *Itchoglanesſes*, or Maids of Honour. The Officers who were not used to such like visits, were much surpris'd at. *Cara Mustapha* distinguished himself both by his good meen, and by a certain air of Grandeur, which none of the others could pretend unto; so that he was presently observed by the *Sultaneſs*, who did, with great earnestness look upon him. The Grand Seignior having perceived it, spoke of him most favorably,

vorably, and told her, he was
 phew of *Kioupruli*. The *Sultaneſs* o-
 verjoyed to have ſuch a ſpecious co-
 lour, to give him ſome token of that
 inclination ſhe begun to feel for him,
 asked the Grand Seignior a rich E-
 merald he had ſhewed her, and as
 ſhe had ſeen him beſtow many gifts
 upon the other Officers of the Trea-
 ſure (which he is wont to do when
 he commands it to be opened) ſhe
 gave it to *Cara Muſtapha*, who was
 ſo dazled at the ſight of Women, hav-
 ing perhaps never ſeen any till that
 day, that he durſt not accept of the
 Emerald, before the *Sultan* bad him
 to receive it. The *Sultaneſs Valide*
 retired, well ſatisfied with the Mag-
 niſick preſents her Son had made her,
 but with her mind filled with the
 ſweet *Idea* of the young *Muſtapha*;
 who had appeared to her Eyes ex-
 ceeding amiable: As ſoon as ſhe was
 alone, ſhe recalled to her mind, all
 the features of *Muſtapha*, together
 with all ſhe had heard of his good
 parts; but when ſhe reflected on the
 impoſſibility of ever ſeeing again that

young *Itchoglan* , she was sorry that she saw him; nay, she earnestly endeavoured to forget him. While she was working upon her self to conquer it, the *Kehaia*, or Master of the *Serraglio*, who is a black Eunuch that commands all the others , put one day in his mind, to remit some dragma of his severe humour, and to be merry with the *Itchoglanesses* of the *Sultaneſs Valide*. Thoſe Maids who ſpend their life in a perpetual confinement, reſolved to fool him to ſome purpoſe; and accordingly , one of the handſomeſt feigned to love the *Kehaia*. The Eunuch obſerving, that the *Itchoglaneſs* uſed him with an extraordinary kindneſs, could not forbear believing, ſhe was indeed moved by his merit, and ſhew'd her a great ſenſibleneſs thereof. That young Perſon raviſhed with joy, for the happy ſucceſs of her trick, acquainted her companions withal , and continued to feign a vehement paſſion. Our Eunuch, who had leſs love than vanity, promiſed her, not reflecting upon his ſad condition ; ſecretly to drop
into

into her Chamber, when her Companions were a sleep. The *Itchoglannes*, feigned to be most sensible at such a proof of his affection, and assured him, she would wait for his Eunuchship, with a great deal of impatience; he failed not to come to the rendezvous, and a minute after his coming, all the *Itchoglannes* entered with Links, and scofft at the poor Wretch at an high rate. Eunuchs are revengeful People; therefore the *Kebaiia* took pett at this affront, and resolved to seek for a revenge. In the mean while, the *Sultaneſs Validé* did in vain resist that violent passion, which drew impetuously her heart towards *Mustapha*. It grew so strong with time, that she more than once had a mind to get him secretly into her apartment; but the fear of endangering the life of so dear a lover, and those almost unconquerable difficulties, that she foresaw would be found in making sure of the Master of the *Serraglio*, did plunge her into an unspeakable trouble of mind. She heard in that very time,

time, by one of her *Itchoglannes*, the merry trick they had played upon the *Kehaia*; and because she consented and referred all things to her love, she hoped, she could draw some advantage out of that adventure. She called privately the handsome *Itchoglannes*, who had feigned to love the *Kehaia*; and after she had represented unto her, how much Eunuchs are inclined to vengeance, and that the *Kehaia* being Master of the *Serraglio*, would not fail to undo her, she promised her her protection, and that she would never forsake her, if she would exactly follow her directions. That Maid being truly sensible of the Queens kindness, proffer'd her her own life, if such a victim should be necessary to her interests. Then the *Sultanes* commanded her to feign still to love the *Kehaia*, and to shew him both by deeds and words, she was brought to despair, for the misfortune happened in their interview without her knowledge. The *Itchoglannes* discharged her commission, with as much cunning as wit, but she found the
Eunuch

Eunuch highly offended at the insult he had, being expos'd unto whatever she said, he could not be perswaded of her innocence : nevertheless, she gave him so many signs of an extream passion, that at last, she made him believe it true. The poor *Ke-haia*, was so much moved by the false shew of that fair ones tenderness and constancy, that then he felt more sensibly, than ever, the misfortune of his State; he was conscious enough of his being utterly unable, to answer the forwardness of the young Maid, so it came in his mind to supply in his room an *Itchoglan* of the treasure house, hoping with that trick, to breed in his Mistresses mind, an high apprehension of his Valour in Loves Wars, and that afterwards, he should have the pleasure of despising her. That conceit so much tickled and charmed his vanity, that he resolved to ask young *Mustapha*, if he would accept of a private conversation with the handsomest of the two *Itchoglanesses*, which he saw waiting upon the *Sultaneſs Valide*. *Mustapha*

stapha answered him out of hand, he would not be grieved to lose his life after such a happiness. The Eunuch conceiving by that brisk answer, he could not choose a Man more proper for his design, told him, he should e're long hear of him; and now, after he had taken fair measures with his pretended Mistress, he put *Mustapha* in disguise, whom he had first instructed, how he must behave himself, to avoid the miscarriage of an unlucky discovery. Night being come, he led him with unheards of precautions into the *Itchoglanneses* Chamber. The *Sultaneſs Valide*, being acquainted with all by that Maid, had taken her place, designing to catch the *Ke-haia*, and threaten him with his utter ruine, except he would make an atonement, and buy his pardon for his crime, by an entire submission to her commands, and the introducing young *Mustapha* in her Chamber. As soon as he was come in, that *Sultaneſs* emboldened by her passion, and filled with the *Idea* of her Lover, opened a dark Lanthorn, and did already

ready

ready begin to fright the false Eunuch, with swinging reproaches, when she knew again her dear *Cara Mustapha*. There was never a surprise like hers; however it could not be but acceptable to her, since she saw him whom she had judged so worthy of her love, in lieu of a black and dreadful Eunuch, she thought to meet with *Mustapha*, on his side, was not so much pleased at the encounter as she; having no experience in loves intrigues, he fell so much out of countenance at the sight of the *Sultaneſs*, and was so frightened at her threatenings, that he durst not lift up his eyes to look upon her, fancying the *Kebaiia* would undo him, and that he was a going to be abandoned to the merciless fury of the dumbs of the *Serraglio*, but our *Sultaneſs* did not leave him long in that fright. She plainly confessed him the violent passion she had for him, and forgot nothing that might give him such proofs thereof, as he could wish himself, so *Cara Mustapha* abundantly satisfied, nay almost overwhelmed with
his

his *Sultanesse's* kindness, acquainted her with the design of the *Kehaia*, and how he put him upon cheating the *Itchoglanses*; she heard that secret with a great deal of pleasure, and after she had promised him to take care of his fortune, she sent him back, strictly forbidding him to tell the *Kehaia*, he had seen her.

Now the Eunuch proud as can be, of an imaginary esteem, he thought, he had got in his *Itchoglanses's* apprehension, did already affect to flight her, when the *Sultanesse* sent for him; being come, and her waiting Ladies retired, she told him, four dumbs were in search of him, to strangle him by the *Sultan's* order, because he had, by Night, introduced a man into the *Serraglio*. The Wretch seized with fear, cast himself at her Feet, intreating her to be so merciful as to save his life. She engaged to sue for his pardon, but on condition, he would confess his crime, and discover her all the circumstances of that Affair, that might, said she, regard the *Sultanesse's* Queen. The *Kehaia* made her
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unheard of Oaths to undeceive her, and after a downright ingenuous account of the *Ichoglannes* adventure, freely confessed, his vanity made him choose *Cara Mustapha*, to supply his place. The *Sultaneſs* well pleased at his honest dealing with her, made him conceive, ſhe knew well how to make a good turn to her friends, even before their application to her, and aſſur'd him, he might retire without fear, becauſe ſhe had hindered the noiſe of his Crime, from coming to the Emperours knowledge. The *Kehaia* gave her a thouſand aſſurances of his gratitude, ſwore an inviolable attachment to her intereſts, and took his leave, a little while after, the *Sultaneſs* who longed to ſee her Gallant, called again the *Kehaia* in private, and declared to him, that ever ſince ſhe had ſeen *Cara Mustapha* in the Treafure-houſe, her mind was ſo filled with the charming *Idea* of his good meen, that it was impoſſible for her to think of any other thing, and that the moſt important and acceptable ſervice he ever might do her,

was

was to introduce him at Night in her Chamber. The grateful Eunuch answered, he was exceeding glad he had opportunity to Sacrifice his life to her commands, and promised her to acquaint *Mustapha* with so divine a fortune, that he might prepare himself to answer it, with such forwardness as was due to so special a favour.

The *Sultaneſs* having ſo cunningly engaged the chief Eunuch into the intereſt of her paſſion, got ſeveral times *Mustapha* into her apartment; but ſcarce was their ſweet commerce well eſtabliſht, when the Grand Viſier who minded his Nephews preferment, took him out of the *Serraglio*, and put him amongſt the Troops, that he might give proof of his courage in the War. The *Sultaneſs* did reſent to the quick her Lovers departure, and wholly applyed her ſelf to ſeek how to have him back again, and at the ſame time to procure him an employ, that ſhould engage him to reſide there. She had ſtill a great ſhare in the Government, ſo it was an eaſie

sic matter to her to find a favourable
 opportunity for that. The place of
 Master of the Horse being vacant,
 she moved the Grand Seigneur to be-
 stow it upon *Cara Mustapha*; assuring
 him, the Prime Visier would be ex-
 tremely sensible of it. The *Sultan*
 gave his consent, and happy *Musta-*
pha is commanded to return speedily
 to Court.

The *Sultans* having by these means,
 renewed her former correspondence
 with her Lover, failed not to put an
 high value upon the services she had
 made him; and he failed not on his
 side to do his utmost, for being even
 with her, but in the midst of his plea-
 sures, he did not neglect his interest;
 he made so good use of those suita-
 ble advices she gave him, for to insi-
 nuate himself in the Grand Signiors
 favour, that he honoured him with
 his special friendship, and gave him
 a little while after, a Commission that
 shewed both a great trust and esteem.
Affan Beglierbey of *Asia*, being revol-
 ted against the Grand Signior, had
 drawn in several other *Baskaws* to his
 party,

party, and with impunity plundered all the frontiers of *Anatoly*. The Grand Visier, had sent a small Body of Troops to fight that Rebel : but *Affan* was grown so powerful, that *Kioupruli* was forced to draw back his Army, and stay till he were able to send more considerable Forces thither.

That *Bashaw* had Married the Princess *Bash-lari*, Sister to the Grand Seignior, who had already been Married to three *Bashaws*, tho then but between Sixteen or Seventeen Years Old. *Affan*, who was grown in years, had not, since his revolt, the same respects as afore, to that young Princess; her Birth Inspiring her with a noble and Just pride, made her more sensible of the unkind usage, she received from him, she could never use herself to it, and found a way how to send a Letter to the Grand Seignior, wherein she complained to his Highness of her present misery. The *Sultan* was moved at *Bash-lary's* misfortune, and spoke of it one day to *Mustapha*, in such Terms, as might plainly

plainly shew the greatness of his sorrow. This was a sufficient warrant to *Mustapha's* Courage, he followed the Transport of his Zeal, and feigning himself extreamly Surprised, that there could be found upon Earth a man so base, and so unmannerly, as to want respect for a Princess of the *Ottomans* blood, he offered himself to feign a discontent from the Port, and go to *Affan's* Army, to cut off his Head upon the first opportunity, if his Highness would but give him a Hatchérif. You must observe the *Turks* have so much Submission for a Hatchérif (That is a warrant written with the Grand Seignior's own hand) That, as soon as it is shew'd them, they give over their life, chusing rather to die, than to oppose such an Order. The *Sultan* admiring the Zeal of *Mustapha*, accepted of his proffer, and made him depart secretly, authorised with a Hatchérif. *Mustapha's* Journey was not long hidden to the *Sultaneſs*, and the Grand Viſier thought fit to acquaint her with the true motives thereof. She was

was so allarmed at the danger, her Gallant was like to be exposed unto, that she fell out with the *Sultan* her Son, and upbraided him with a reproach that he did, without any appearance of good success, Sacrifice the Nephew of a Minister, who served him with an Inviolable fidelity, giving him to understand at the same time, she was confident, *Kioupruli* could never find comfort in such a great loss. The *Sultan* perswaded by his Mothers reasons, Commanded the Grand Visier to send a Courier to *Mustapha*, to stop him in the way, and call him home again: but *Kioupruli*, who had already a prospect for the establishing of his own Son's Fortune, scrupled not to hazard the life of his Nephew, for such an important service to the State. Wherefore he told the Grand Seignior, *Mustapha* had already entred the Country occupied by the Rebels, and that his Couriers could not joyn him. The *Sultaneſs* was like to dye with grief, when she heard of the unhappy success of her cares, she spent several days

days in a dreadful trouble and perplexity of mind, and found no comfort, but in the flattering hopes that fortune would perhaps help her Lovers courage, he behaved himself with so much prudence, that he deceived the Rebel *Affan*, who rested abundantly satisfied, that indeed he was a Malecontent, and upon this account trusted him with a most considerable employ in his Army. Wise *Mustapha* dissembled for a while, but at last, sitting one day at Table with *Affan*, and other *Bashaws* of his Party, he drew out of his bosom the fatal hatchet, and having publicly read, and kissed it with a great deal of respect, set upon the unfortunate *Affan*, and cut off his Head, and none of the *Bashaws* offered to oppose him; which proves that Religion hath more influence, than policy in that blind obedience, the *Turks* pay to those orders, that comes immediatly from the Grand Seignior. *Affans* death disheartned so much all those of his Party, that afterwards, they endeavoured to make their peace at the Port.

Next

Next to this Famous action, his first care was to look for the Princess *Bash-lari*, who lived in *Affan's Serraglio*, confounded with a great Number of other ordinary Women, he waited upon her with all the respect due to a person of her rank, and begged her orders for the carrying away of all *Affan's* goods, which belonged to her by the Death of her Husband. *Bash-lari* whom Old *Affan* did not use with so much civility, could hardly conceal her trouble, at so many Testimonies of respect from a man of so good meen. She stood a while speechless, and gave time thereby to *Mustapha's* Eyes, to view her exactly, and to satisfy himself, she was one of the handsomest persons upon Earth, he was himself so far out of order, that he knew no more what to say, when by good luck, *Affan's* slaves, who cast themselves at his feet, begging his favour, Interrupted his so stedfast staring upon her, he rebuked them severely, and sent them back to the Princess, declaring, she was now the Sovereign Mistress of
their

their destiny. *Basch-lari* could not but be very sensible of all *Mustapha's* civilities, and throughly inflamed his heart with a most kind and obliging answer, she made him. In the mean time, she shewed a great desire to return near the *Sultan* her Brother, and *Mustapha*, who was wholly possess'd with the care to be officious, and complaisant to her, gave all suitable orders for a speedy departure. During the Journey, he did exactly wait upon her, and went so far, as to make her observe, the respect he owed to his Emperours Sister, was but the least motive of his so assiduous attendance, and so exact a complaisance for all her desires. The Princess could not but perceive at last, that he loved her, and whether she was charm'd with his good meen and civilities, or dealt out of gratitude for that important service, she had just now received of him, in freeing her from *Assan's* slavery, she granted him the liberty, he with much earnestness sued for, to send her *Selams* in the Grand Seigniors

Serraglio. *Selams* are Nosegays made up of Flowers, which the *Turks* use instead of Love-letters.

The News of *Affan's* overthrow, filled *Constantinople* with Joy. The *Sultan* did applause himself, that he had alone concerted that enterprize with *Cara Mustapha*. The Visier was exceeding well pleased, to see the Empire freed by his Nephew from such a dangerous Enemy; and for the *Sultaneſs Validé*, ſhe was no leſs ſatisfied with the happy ſucceſs of her Gallants perilous undertaking, as if ſhe had her ſelf cut off the Rebel's Head. So *Cara Mustapha* came back again, and was upon his return, welcomed and overwhelmed with Preſents. The old *Kioupruli* being ſick to death, made uſe of this favourable juncture to give the *Sultan* to underſtand, his Son alone had the ſecrets of the Empire; for he had always bred him with a proſpect to make of him a moſt able Miniſter of State. The Grand Seignior prepoſſeſt with the Fathers former ſervices, and beſides that, being well ſatisfi-
ed

ed that the change of Ministers is the greatest plague and disturbance, that may befall an Empire, thought fit to bestow the Fathers place upon his Son, and accordingly Proclaimed him Grand Visier.

Although *Cara Mustapha*, stood as fair as any of the Court for Preferences, yet he was contented with his employ, and put upon this moderation an high value before the *Sultaneſs Valide*, who took it as an unquestionable proof of his love: But indeed, she was no more but the pretext of it. *Mustapha's* heart was wholly devoted to fair *Baſch lari*, and if he answered the forward affection of the *Sultaneſs*, 'twas only to get thereby more means and conveniency to court the Princess, 'twas not long e're he made use of the liberty she had given him, he won with his Gifts, one of the Eunuchs that waited upon her, and sent her by him a *Selam* made up with mysterious Flowers, which with a silent speech set forth the violence of his passion for her, and how smarting

and cruel was his grief, to see himself bereft of her sight. The Princess kindly received his *Selam*, and to shew him how far she was satisfied with it, she returned him a Box fill'd with Musk ('tis observable, that among the *Turks* this Language is as much intelligible as Love-letters amongst us) *Cara Mustapha* was so ravish'd with joy to see, through *Basch-lari's* answer, she was not insensible of his Love, that he fancied he might, in time Marry her, notwithstanding the vast distance he saw betwixt his present state, and such a height of Fortune: This thought did so sweetly flatter and tickle his passion, that he minded nothing else, but how to carry it on to an happy end; and because he well knew, 'tis not lawful for any man to ask a Princess of the *Ottoman* Blood in Marriage, and that the Grand Seignior himself must choose him; he deems worthy of the honour of his alliance, he resolv'd to court more assiduously the *Sultan*, that he might prefer him
before

before all them , that were in right to pretend to the possession of *Basch-lari*.

Hunting is the darling passion of *Mahomet* the fourth; *Cara Mustapha* presented him with a great number of choice Dogs , he had gathered from all parts of *Europe*; so that the *Sultan* grew thereby more fond of the sport , and hunted since oftner than formerly : As many times as he Hunts, the Boars are commanded to encompass Six or Seven Miles about, a vast space of Land, to the end that the game might not escape. These frequent troubles being very tiresome to the People, and utterly defacing the Country, gave occasion to great murmurs and complaints, but however no body durst tell the *Sultan* of it. The *Musty*, which is the chief Doctor of the Law, spurred by his own zeal, and with the intreaties of several grave *Bashaws*, resolved at last to venture on it , and fancied , he could , perhaps cure him of so violent a passion, in urging to him this religious argument ; *that, when his*

Predecessors were not in War, they used to work with their own hands ; that so illustrious an example might move their Subjects to give themselves to useful things, no body daring stand idle, whilst the Ruler of the World was busie ; that even the Law it self ordered the Emperours to live upon their own labour, and not upon the sweat of their Peoples Eyebrows, or the Money of Taxes. Mahomet repining at such an unacceptable harangue, was ready many times to interrupt him , and shewed by his countenance and gestures , that so free a discourse did not please him. The *Musty* , who already repented his having taken upon him that dangerous Commission , would a little sweeten what he said , and added, that if a handy work should vex the Prince, he might, to fulfill the Precept of the Law, make Arrows or any such like small pieces of work, that require little or no application ; that as soon as the work is finisht , he must but send it to some Wealthy *Bashaw* , who would receive it with a great deal of respect, as made with the
Grand

Grand Seigniors own hand, and not fail to return his Highness such a Magnifick present, as might abundantly provide for the charges of his Table. The *Sultan* sweetned with these last words, or perhaps, dissembling his Anger, told the *Musty*, that he took in good part his Fatherly remonstrance, and assured him he would make use of it. *Cara Mustapha* had been very attentive to that conversation, and well knowing that *Mahomet*, though very respectful to the Ministers of the *Alcoran*, yet doth not willingly suffer himself to be crossed in his divertisements, begged of him the honour of a private audience, and spoke to him after this manner.

Cara Mustapha, the humblest and devotedst of all thy Slaves, who useth his Ears, his Eyes, and his Tongue, but for the increasing of the Glory of his Lord, not being able to endure that the Musty should abuse the Sacred Authority of his Character, presume to make remonstrances, and meddle with giving unseasonable advices to him that

gives the Law, wherever the Sun shines; not remembring, that all the goods of the Earth are his own, and that 'tis through a special favour, that he bestoweth part thereof to his Slaves, doth with a deep sense of humility shew thee, thou shouldest punish his rashness, and yet not recede from his advise, lest it might seem, the beloved of Alla and his Grand Prophet should contemn his Law. Thou knowest, the Musty is the most covetous and saving of all Men; If thou wilt then, mortifie him to the quick, thou must but go a hunting again, and send him part of the Venison, thou hast taken, with a word, that, to follow his sacred admonition, thou hast chosen the trade of a Hunter, and sendest him the fruit of thy labour; no doubt but he will liberally reward the Bearer, and return thee such a present, as may largely provide for the Expences of thy diet. I am confident, if thou but followest this my humble motion, he will no more in his life School his own Master. The Grand Seignior hearkned to Mustapha's Speech with an unspeakable joy, gave him a Thousand

land thanks, and vowed; he was more beholding to him for this counsel, than for the very head of *Affan*. Two days after he failed not to go a Hunting, and performed all he had resolved upon with *Mustapha*. The *Mufti* knew too late his fault in opposing his Sovereign's pleasures, and was obliged to pay the honour he did him, with a very rich Present; and ever since that time, I warrante ye, he did never think of giving him such Godly Admonitions.

Cara Mustapha was so entirely possessed with the care of courting the Princess, that his so frequent and regular attendance upon the Grand Seignior, was rather the product of his love, than of his ambition. It fell out nevertheless, that this Monarch being extremely satisfied with his Services, began to think of setting up his Fortune, and accordingly Proclaimed him *Bashaw* of the Sea. *Mustapha* who look't upon this dignity, as a new step towards the Princess, was overjoyed at the happy news thereof; as soon as his

preferment was publick at Court, all the Grandees of the Empire were very forward in complementing him thereupon, and sent him rich Presents, as is usual in such like occasions, but in the midst of all these applauses, he thought of nothing but *Basch-lari*, and of preparing a rare *Selam*, that might with his silent Language, acquaint her with the true Sentiments of his aspiring heart; after he had got into the *Selam* all those Flowers he thought fittest to shew a strong passion, and to let his Princess know, that he had accepted of the place of General of the Sea, but to have more opportunity to grow less unworthy of her, he trusted with it that Eunuch who had espoused his interest, but this Block-head did so ill discharge his trust, that being catcht by the *Kehaia*, he could never have escaped a most severe punishment, if he had not confessed, the *Selam* came from *Cara Mustapha*. The *Kehaia* without any further inquiry, doubted not but this Galantry regarded the *Sultaneſs Valide*,
 he

he warned the Eunuch never to take upon him such Commissions, took the *Selam* out of his hands, and carried it himself in great haste to the *Sultaneſs*, who sometimes indeed was entertained with *Selams* by *Cara Muſtapha*, but made up only with Flowers of a most respectful and sensible gratitude. She was so surprised, and at the same time so overjoyed that a Woman of her Age, was presented with so tender a *Selam*, that not finding now at hand what was necessary for a regular answer, she bid the *Kebaia* to bring him, next Night, into her apartment. In the mean time, *Cara Muſtapha* having heard of his *Selam*'s miscarriage, attended all the day long upon the Grand Seignior, waiting for an opportunity to meet the *Kebaia*, who on his side was seeking for him. They met opportunely together, the *Kebaia* shook *Muſtapha*'s hand, and whispered him in the ear that he himself had delivered his *Selam*, and was commanded to bring him that very Night, in such a place where he should be thanked!

thanked for it. The *Sultan's* presence did not permit him to explain himself farther, *Mustapha* whose heart was fill'd with nothing but his royal Mistress, was so agreeably surpris'd to hear, she would see him, that without any other reflection, he wholly gave himself over to the transport of his Joy; and tickled in this critical minute, with the sweetest hopes that may attend love, he lookt upon the Grand Seigniors condition as far less happy than his. The rest of the day was long to him, he past it away in dressing up and undressing himself, never finding himself well enough, to appear before the Eyes of his *Basch-lari*. This so long expected Night being come, the chief of the Eunuchs who used to guide him through different ways, for fear of meeting the Guard, got him safe into the *Sultanesse's* Chamber. What pen might express *Mustapha's* amazement? he had flattered himself with the hope of seeing his Princess, now he finds himself unavoidably engaged with the *Sultanesse's* Mother! that *Sultanesse* be-

beginning to press him hard, he could by no means master up his disorder; she perceived it, and begun to fall upon reproaches, when *Mustapha* fearing least she should dive into the true cause of his coldness, call'd back his wits about him, and told her that his new place forcing him shortly to absent from her, and put out to Sea, she indeed wronged him with her wondering at his trouble. This witty and most seasonable answer charmed the *Sultaneſs*; she was so satisfied with *Mustapha*, that far from searching any more into the Mystery of his disorder, it turn'd into a source of merit to him, so true it is, that a beloved one is easily credited and trusted unto. The *Sultaneſs* dismissed him, overloaded with all sorts of caresses, bid him to ground upon her protection in all things, and to be sure she would shortly see him call'd back at Court. So *Cara Mustapha* very cleverly came off this time; he cleared afterwards with the *Kehaia* the matter of the *Selam*, but because he knew him to be wholly devoted

devoted to the *Sultaneſs*, he took heed not to give him the leaſt hint of his love with *Baſch-lari*. Now, nothing being impoſſible to a man that loves indeed, he found a way how to ſend to the Princeſs another *Selam*, no leſs myſterious and tender than the former, through the contrivance of a Jeweſs, that ſold Jewels in the Palace, and he had before parting this comfort to receive from her a Box full of Amber and Muſk, which are the moſt open and expreſſive tokens of love, a Lady might give to her Lover.

Aſſoon as the new *Caplan-Baſhaw* had put to Sea, he bent himſelf wholly to the management of a glorious Campaign, hoping ſpeedily to return, and throw his Lawrels at the feet of his Princeſs, he gave chace to ſeveral Chriſtian Corſairs, and met at laſt the Gallies of *Malta*, which he attached with much bravery: but a Prince of the Houſe of *Lorrain*, who commanded them, made ſo ſtout a defence, that after a long and cruel Combat, the Wind ſo parted both
Fleets,

Fleets, that though they made their uttermost endeavours, they could never engage again one another. Two days after this Combat, the *Turks* discovered a *Spanish* Man of War, which they Fired upon, and took it after a very feeble resistance. *Cara Mustapha* having called on board his Admiral, the *Spanish* Captain, heard of him, that Ship was loaded with a great deal of precious goods, which the Viceroy of *Naples*, did send into *Spain* with his Daughter a beautifull Young Lady, who was a going to *Madrid*, in order to her being matched there with a Grandee. *Mustapha* conceiving that amongst so many rich goods, there might be found something worthy of his Princess, strictly forbad pillaging, and after he had got all the Soldiers out of the Ship, he came in and viewed her; he met first a number of Women bitterly weeping, who surrounded the fair *Spanish* Lady, which he presently discerned through her singular beauty, and the State of her Garb. *Cara Mustapha*, whose courage, and Warlike temper

temper were asswaged by love, tho the only Princess *Basch-lari*, was the Goddess he thought worthy the Sacrifice of his liberty, used his Slaves with kindness, and civilly answered the Petition of one of those Maids, that spoke to him in *Italian*, and whom he observed to be very witty. Among all the riches of the Ship, nothing pleased him so much, as a mirror wrought with a great deal of art and Industry. It was encompassed with little *Cupids*, playing and saying to one another, *felice chi e amato*. As soon as *Mustapha* saw it, he designed it for his Princess; the Captain of the Ship told him, it was a Master-piece, which the ablest workmen of *Italy*, had with emulation exercised their art on, and which was to be presented to the Queen of *Spain*, from the Viceroy of *Naples* by the Famous *Roxolane*, the very same Maid, which spake just now with him, whom the Viceroy had with most advantageous proffers engaged for the Court of *Spain*, because she was endowed with the most

most pleasant and harmonious Voice that might be heard upon Earth. This stirred up *Mustapha's* curiosity; he discoursed again with *Roxolane*, who, notwithstanding the great trouble she was in, by such a sudden and cruel change of her condition, did nevertheless judiciously answer all his Questions: *Mustapha*, who aimed at his love in all things, conceiving, she could do him a kindness near *Basch-lari*, resolved to make her a present of that Slave, and the more to ingage her in his interest, he used her with much civility, and saw all her goods exactly restored to her. Nay, his kindness stayed not there, he was no great admirer of vocal musick, however he desired her to sing, and after having highly praised her voice, he took this opportunity to present her with a Bracelet of Diamonds. *Roxelane* whose Birth was but mean, and who had bid adieu to her own Country, to purchase with her Voice those advantages, fortune had refused to bestow upon her, thought her self fortunate in her slavery,

very, and left no argument untouched to bring *Donna Emanuela* (such was the fair *Spanish* Ladies name) into a better temper, and to perswade her, not to give her self over to her sorrow; but that fair one, who has not the same reasons to bear up, did hearken to no counsels, and was continually weeping. Our *Bashaw* seeing, *Roxolane* was mighty sensible of his civil and gentle carriage toward her, call'd her once in private, and after he had exaggerated the great account he made of a person of so rare and excellent qualifications, he told her, he would make of her the most happy Slave in the World, she would in good earnest espouse his interest, and engage to perform what he would prescribe her. *Roxolane* who had but an ordinary share of Beauty, and did never pretend to very severe honesty, was e'en apt to think ill of the *Turks* palate, and did already prepare a favourable answer to his Gallantry, when he imparted to her the secret of his passion, and his design to place her near *Bashaw*

lari, that she might help his love, and keep the heart of the Princess besieged in his behalf; he made her so intimating a Picture of the inner part of the *Serraglio*, and of the happy life of them that wait upon the *Sultanesse*, that she, hoping thereby to better her condition, promised him a blind obedience to his commands, and a careful and exact performance thereof. *Cara Mustapha* was exceeding well pleased at her readiness, and now thought of sending his Presents to the *Sultan* and *Sultanesse*, that he might have a colour to send to *Basch-lari* the rich Looking-glass, without danger of discovering the Mystery of his Love, he would fain have sent *Donna Emanuela* to the Grand Seigneur, but being well acquainted with the fancy of the Prince, who was no way inclined to black beauties, and expecting an high ransom from a Person of so eminent a quality, he altered his mind.

Amongst all the Presents he sent to *Basch-lari*, nothing was more acceptable to her, than the mirror; but

but when a Christian She-slave, explained to her the *Motto* of the little *Cupids*, *felice chi e amato*, she did more attentively examined it, and found it more and more worthy of her esteem, well conceiving, *Cara Mustapha* would not have Presented her with it without a design. The Voice of *Roxelana* was wondered at in the Palace, and both the *Sultan* and *Sultaneſſes* would ſeveral times have the entertainment of her Singing; as for *Baſch-lari*, although ſhe was mighty pleaſed with it, yet ſhe made more of her Company, becauſe *Mustapha* was always the ſubject matter of their converſation: ſhe did always commend to the Princeſs, either his good meen, his wit, his courage, or his unparallell'd paſſion for her: In all theſe diſcourſes, ſhe did often mention the handſome *Spaniſh* Lady, not being able to forbear praizing her excellent parts as many times as ſhe had occaſion to name her; and her indiſcreet zeal for *Mustapha* went ſo far as to commend him ſeveral times for his civility and kindneſs towards this ſlave

Slave

Slave. That unseasonable way of commendation wrought upon the Princesses mind quite contrary to her expectation; she fancied it was not impossible but that Slave were loved by *Mustapha*, since he had not sent her to the Grand Seignior; in a word she came to that height of suspicion and jealousy, that she turned into as many crimes, all the particulars of the *Bashaws* handsome usage toward *Donna Emanuela*.

The *Sultans Validé* was indeed a great admirer of fine voices, but yet she discovered new graces, unknown to any other but her, in *Roxelane*, when she reflected upon her coming from *Mustapha*, and that she could by her hear of the present condition, and circumstances of her Lover. Therefore she feigned to spend whole Nights without sleeping, and upon this fair pretence, desired *Basch-lari* to give her *Roxelane* for a while, that the charm of her voice might ease her in her so long and troublesome watches.

The Princess durst not refuse her, and

and passing by all the secret reasons she had to keep that Slave by herself, she must yield her to the intreaties of the *Sultaneſs* Mother, for as long as she would. The *Sultaneſs* begun to work upon her with Presents, then feigning her self to be much concerned in her misfortunes, she cunningly brought her upon the narrative, of the taking of the Man of War she was Shipt in. *Roxolane* who served the times, turn'd all to the advantage of the *Turks*, and inserted in her discourse so many passages glorious to *Mustapha*, that the *Sultaneſs* was moved at them, and stuck not to tell her this *Bashaws* interests were very dear to her remembrance, nay that she had just now procured him the place of *Caimakan*, which is the first dignity of the Empire, next to the Grand Visier's. *Roxolane* ravish'd with joy for these good news, went on in her Commendation of *Mustapha's* qualities, and well perceiving the *Sultaneſs* had an extraordinary kindness for him, even to shew her great desire to see him possessed with

his new dignity of *Caimakan*, which should engage him to a constant attendance upon the Grand Seignior, she was deceived by so likely appearances; and thinking, the *Sultaneſſes* inclination did not go farther than a vertuous esteem for *Mustapha*, truſted her with the intrigue of his Love with *Baſch-lari*, and earneſtly intreated her to ſee that match made, aſſuring her, ſhe could never do any better, or more acceptable ſervice to him, than this: So unexpected a confidence ſmote the *Sultaneſſes* heart, like a Thunderbolt; ſhe bid her to tell again and again, what ſhe had indeed too well heard for her peace at the firſt time; and fearing, leſt the Slave might perceive the unconquerable trouble ſhe was in, ſhe promiſed her to remember *Mustapha's* buſineſs, and quickly retired into her Cloſet, where ſhe gave her ſelf over to all ſuch tranſports, as a cruel jealouſie can breed in a ſlighted Woman. After a thouſand projects of revenge, ſhe found at laſt ſome comfort to think ſhe could, with her credit and

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intrigues, put a stop to a passion so ruinous both to her glory and love. She begun accordingly with seeking new pretences to keep *Roxelane* in her apartment, for fear she might discover to *Basch-lari*, what had passed between them, and so quite spoil her designs.

In the mean while, *Mustapha* comes to the Court, where he finds himself far less sensible of the Grand Seigniors new preferment, than of the happiness of being so near his adorable Princess. Upon his arrival he presented the *Sultan*, *Sultaneſſes*, and Chief Eunuchs with Magnifick Presents; and being conscious of the so many obligations the *Sultaneſſs* Mother had heaped upon him, he thought it his next duty, to make application to the *Kehaia* for a secret entertainment with her; the *Sultaneſſs* being satisfied of his ingratitude, and yet exceeding well pleased at his continuing to court her, refused it at first, and sent the Eunuch packing; but that motion of pride proved too weak, to resist the plea of her own heart

heart in behalf of *Mustapha*. She call'd back the *Kebaia*, e'en as soon as she had bid him retire, and commanded him to bring with his usual precautions, the *Caimakan* into her Chamber. As soon as *Mustapha* came in, he with an affected transport of joy, cast himself at the *Sultaneſſes* feet; but she, far from helping him up again, as she used to do before, rebuked him severely, and choose the most injurious reproaches to upbraid him with his perfidy. *Vile Slave, saith she, Christian Brood, which I have from the very dust of Mankind, lifted up to the second dignity of this Grand Empire, dost thou believe me so insensible of my glory, as to hearken to thy tales, while I am convinced, thou cheateſt me, and that with an unpresumed ingratitude, thou makeſt a sacrifice of thy heart to a person famed, but by Allan's slighting of her, and who is altogether unworthy to come into a Parallell with me, who am used to the adorations of the Rulers of the World.* *Mustapha* overwhelmed with these so cruel reproaches of the *Sultans*,

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and

and wondering at her being so far acquainted with his secret, durst neither answer, nor lift up his Eyes to look on her. *Speak thou, perfidious Wretch, continued she, spake, is it not true, thou lovest Basch-lari? I confess, answered then Mustapha, that I have deserved Death, since I have been so unfortunate as to incur your displeasure, but canst thou deny, replied she, that thou hast sent a Christian Slave to the Princess, with a very strict order never to let slip any occasion to entertain her in thy favour? 'tis true, said Mustapha, I have sent indeed a Slave to the Princess, and as I know that Christians are very ill bred, and know not what respect is due to the Ottoman Blood, I will not disown it, I took care to instruct her; and because she doth not very well understand La Lingua Franca, she must needs have mistaken my words. Though the Sultaneſs was satisfied in her judgment, that he was guilty, yet she did so much wish to have him cleared, that she allowed of this slight reason, and heartily forgave him, flattered with this thought,*
that

that if he had felt some tender motions for *Basch-lari*, he did truly repent it. *Mustapha* took his leave after a World of Oaths, that he would rather undergo a Thousand Deaths, than to give her the least occasion of displeasure; he was so much troubled at the *Sultaneſſes* anger, and over all, to ſee her ſo near acquainted with the Myſtery of his Love, that during a great many days he ſuffered all the torments a moſt diſquieted mind is ſubject unto, a Thousand things perplexed him at once; on one ſide he feared the *Sultaneſſes*, on the other, he loved *Basch-lari*; he would not diſpleaſe the *Sultaneſſes* for fear of ruining his fortune; but he could not live, without hearing of his Princeſs; he was jealous of any thing he doubted, whether *Roxelane* had betrayed him or not; and in caſe he ſhould ſend a *Salam* to *Basch-lari*, he was afraid that the *Sultaneſſes* ſhould be acquainted with it. After he had long floated among ſo many vexatious thoughts, he reſolved at laſt upon undoing himſelf, rather than to be any longer ig-

norant how his case stood in the Princess's mind. Another Eunuch, whom he won with much bribing, took upon himself to deliver into her own hands a *Selam*, by whose silent Language, he assured her, that he was insensible to any other pleasure in the World, but to that of thinking he would love her for ever; and intreated her to believe that he had rejoiced at the new favour the *Sultan* was pleased of late to bestow on him, but because he grew thereby less unworthy of her alliance. In the mean time, *Basch lari*, whose mind was still possessed with the opinion, that the *Caimakan* Loved *Donna Emanuela*, had since confirmed herself into it, because of the so long silence of her lover, but more, especially, since she was told that having upon his return made several considerable Presents to the *Sultan*, he had still kept by himself the *Spanish* Lady. Such was her mind when the *Selam* came; she hardly took time enough to view it, and returned presently a small Box, which *Mustapha* received

received with all joy imaginable, not doubting in the least, but it was full of Musk and Amber. The great desire; he had to know the true sentiments of his Princess, did not permit him to put off one minute, the opening of the Box; but, oh strange amazement! he found it fill'd up with Rue, which herb shews, in that Language of *Selams*, the uttermost indignation; he was near to dye with despair, at the sight of so convincing a Witness of his misfortune; after he had long vexed his mind, and guessed at the true cause of his Mistress's anger, he fancied that *Roxelane* had betrayed him; and upon this account conceived such a general hatred for all Christians, that without any other ground, he put a very ill usage upon all those, who were in his power, and caused *Donna Emanuela* to be clapt into a Dungeon, declaring her in plain *Turk*, her life should be accountable to him for *Roxelane's* perfidy. The *Spanish* Lady, who did not apprehend the meaning of these words, and dayly expected to be re-

deemed by her Parents, was so fright-
ed with the *Caimakan's* threatnings,
that she laid several days under the
horrors of present Death, and with-
out any comfort or hope of ever re-
covering her liberty.

Now, the Princess *Basch-lari*, who
was not yet undeceived about the
pretended infidelity of her Lover,
made her business to speak upon any
occasion of the *Spanish* Lady's perfe-
ctions, even to that degree of Wo-
manly malice, that she said in the
presence of the Grand Seignior, that
if all that, *Roxelane* published of that
Christian Womans charms were true,
there was no such beauty in all the
Serraglio. This word slippt out of her
mouth as at unawares, stirred up the
curiosity of the *Sultan*, who com-
plained to *Mustapha*, for that he had
not presented him with that handsome
Slave, and bid him to send for her
forthwith. She was brought, but so
changed by the sorrow she felt for
the loss of her liberty, and the bad
usage of *Mustapha*, that the Grand
Seignior found not her beauty an-
swerable

swerable to the Picture, *Basch-lari* made him of it; however she remained in the Palace, and did nevertheless give great jealousy to the *Sultanes*, who had been alarmed at the report of her perfections, and at the Grand Seignior's earnestness to see her. *Basch-lari*, whose jealous Eyes found out a Hundred faults in her Face and Features, delighted much in vexing that poor innocent Maid, and asked her, one day, if she was not very sorry to part from the *Caimakan*. *Donna Emanuela* modestly answered, that ever since the beginning of her captivity, she knew no interruption in her misfortunes; that however, she found her condition much bettered in the *Serraglio*, since she was no more exposed to the threatenings of the most cruel Man in the World, she was moved at these words, and with great eagerness descanted upon the hard usage, she had received from *Mustapha*. The Princess, though she much pitied the *Spanish* Maids misery, did nevertheless feel a secret tickling joy at those complaints

she made against her Lover ; and
 though one cannot but be moved at
 the hearing of a Friend's misfortune,
 yet 'tis very true, that in this occa-
 sion, all the cruelties of *Mustapha* to
 his Slave, were put to account of
 merit by *Basch lari*, who knew, at
 last, her errour, and much repented
 her having sent to him a *Selam* made
 up with Rue. After she was fully
 convinced of the injustice of her sus-
 picion, she felt a secret shame for it,
 and upbraided her self with her jea-
 lousie, as a weakness unworthy of
 an *Ottoman* Princess. In the mean
 while, the *Caimakan* vexed to the
 highest degree at the last tokens of
 her anger, was still minding how
 to justifie himself; 'twas hard to do
 it: The Pallace was inaccessible to
 him, he durst not trust the Eunuchs,
 and saw a Thousand almost invinci-
 ble obstacles, that opposed his ap-
 proaching *Basch lari*, however all
 those difficulties disheartned him not.
 It came in his mind to make appli-
 cation to the *Sultane's* her Mother.
 She lived in the old *Serraglio*, and
 because

because the Persons that are sent thither, are not kept under so strict a confinement, as in the other, it was easie to him to send Presents to that *Sultaneſs*, who ſeeing her ſelf out of favour, was overjoyed, that one of the moſt powerful Officers of the Empire ſhould ſeek for her Friendſhip. She made on her ſide all ſuitable advances to answer the eſteem he ſhewed for her, and meet him half the way; ſo that *Muſtapha* ſeeing her well diſpoſed, acquainted her with his Love for the Princeſs her Daughter, and aſſur'd her, if he ſhould ever become her Son in Law, ſhe might expect from him an entire, and perfect obedience to her commands. The *Sultaneſs* did joyfully approve of his wooing, and proffer'd him her intereſt at Court to bring him to happineſs. The *Caimakan* thanked her with much reſpect, but let her underſtand, 'twas more to the purpoſe to make ſure of the heart of the Princeſs, than of the *Sultan's* conſent. The *Sultaneſs*, upon the firſt opportunity fail'd not to ſpeak a

good word to her Daughter in favour of *Mustapha*, and shewed her the great advantages, that must needs attend her Marrying so puissant a Minister. That long silence, the *Caimakan* had been forced unto, did a little perplex the Princess's mind; therefore, she was not sorry, that her Mother would manage her interest, and she answered her, with a blush, she would willingly Marry *Mustapha*, if the Grand Seignior commanded it. That conversation was not hidden to the *Caimakan*; *Basch-lari's* Mother gave him a faithful account thereof; and conceiving through the modesty of her answer, that she was appeased, he sent her a *Selam*, wherein he got such Flowers as might best assure her of the unshaken fidelity of his love, and of the pleasure, he felt for his being reconciled with her. The Princess was not insensible of his great zeal; at first, she would have return'd him a Box full of all sorts of perfumes, but upon better thoughts, and least so kind a *Selam* might shew too much the sentiments of

of her heart, she was contented to send him a Box, wherein he found a small piece of white linnen, which is a token of peace, he received it with much satisfaction, nay he would have it inclosed into a rich Watch, which ever since he wore always about him, kissing it a Thousand times in a day.

The *Sultaneſs Val-dé*, who was never wanting new pretences to keep *Roxolane* by her, that she might not speak to the Princess in behalf of *Mustapha*, begun at last to perceive, he was grown less forward in his duties, and attendance upon her than formerly. This remissness permitted her not to doubt any longer, but he was bound Slave to the Princess, her jealousy discover'd to her, so many other circumstances, that in the first transport of her anger, she thought of utterly undoing that ungrateful *Bashaw*, but having not vertue enough to countenance so violent a resolution, she fancied, that if *Basch-lari* were once Married, *Mustapha* having no more hope to arrive to the possession
of

of his Mistress, might easily forget her: As she had still much credit with the Grand Seignior her Son, 'twas not long ere she moved to him a Match for the Princess, and urged so many reasons for it, that he gave his consent, casting his eyes upon the *Bashaw of Aleppo*, to honour him with his alliance; he sent him word thereof, by a Hatcherif, and bid him forthwith to take his Journey to *Constantinople*. The *Sultaneſs* raviſht with Joy, for a ſucceſs ſo advantageous to her paſſion, did no more trouble herſelf for any good office, *Roxelane* might do to *Muſtapha*, and ſent her back to the Princess, who found no ſmall comfort in complaining with her, of that cruel Match ſhe was threatned with; as for the unfortunate *Caimakan*, nothing may be compared with his grief, when he heard of a decree that left no hopes to his Love. The *Sultan's* orders being all irrevocable, he gave himſelf over to deſpair, ſeeing nothing at all that might help him: The *Sultaneſs* was grown odious to his remembrance, becauſe he knew
well,

well, she had alone advised that Marriage. The Grand Seignior seem'd unjust to his Judgment; nay, his own fortune was burdensome to him, since he could no more, either share it with, or sacrifice it to the only person upon Earth, for whose sake he loved to live. In this so general consternation of his mind, he thought, he might ease himself, if he could but see his Princess pay some Tears, or some sighs to their disappointment. The fancy of so slight a comfort flattered him to such a degree, that, *maugré* all dangers, that attended the Execution of this bold enterprize, he resolved to speak with her, choosing rather to perish than to be deprived of that Comfort. So having taken a resolution so suitable to his love and despair, he begged a private audience of the *Sultaneß* Mother, who commanded the *Kehaia* to introduce him by Night, disguised in a Maids garb, as he was used to do; he got then into the *Serraglio*, and leaving aside the *Sultaneß* *Valide's* apartment, he went straightway to *Basch-lari's*,
his

his garb deceived the Eunuchs that waited in her Chamber; they thought this *Itchoglaness* came from the *Sultaneſs* Mother, and gave her full liberty to approach the Princess, who was little less cast down than her Lover, for whether her heart secretly pleaded for him, or she feared to fall again into the hands of an Old Man, after the sad experiment she had made of *Aſſan's* contempt, the very thought of her Match brought her to despair. She was much astonished at the sight of *Mustapha*, and though her surprise and trouble hindered her to apprehend thoroughly, the dreadful danger he had run himself into, she nevertheless, blamed the boldness of his attempt; but, what have I to spare, when I lose you, fair Princess, saith he; since I must needs dye with grief, if I see you in any other Man's arms than mine, I had rather to dye by the hands of the Mutes, than to be forced to behold so dismal a Spectacle. *Basch-lari's* heart melted into Tears at these words, and left to her Eyes the care to give him a Thousand Wit-

Witnesſes of her gratitude, for ſuch a
 proof of his Love: but while they
 are ſo tenderly ingaged, the *Sulta-
 neſs* Mother who waited for her Gal-
 lant, wondring at his not coming,
 ſent for the *Kehaia*, who aſſur'd her,
 that he had long ſince let in the *Cai-
 makan*, and attended him pretty near
 her own Chamber. Then all her jea-
 louſie awaked, ſhe doubted not but
 he was with the Princeſs, and fell in-
 to ſuch a fury to ſee her ſelf ſlighted
 by a Man, who notwithstanding thoſe
 ſo many favours ſhe had heaped upon
 him, uſed her as a Cloak to cover his
 Love for another, that without any far-
 ther Examination, ſhe came to the
Kaden or Governeſs of the Maids, and
 bid her preſently to adviſe the Grand
 Seignior, that a Man had dropped
 into the Womens apartment, and at
 the ſame time ſent word to the Mutes
 of the *Serraglio*, that they ſhould be
 ready for the puniſhment of that raſh
 mortal, aſſoon as the Grand Seigniors
 Orders were come, the Eunuchs be-
 gun to ſeek after that Wretch, who
 was eaſily found out juſt as he was
 going

going to rejoyne the *Kehaia*. The *Sultan* highly incensed at a boldness almost without president, would not have him strangled by the Mutes; this Punishment not seeming to his Justice, cruel enough for so enormous a crime, he commanded, he should be the next day publicly impaled in the great yard of the Palace. The *Kehaia* himself was arrested, because he is accountable for all that comes into the Womens *Serraglio*. Now the *Sultaneſs* hearing of the cruel decree of the *Sultan*; spent the whole Night in a great perplexity of mind. Sometimes she applauded her self, and flattered her passion with the hope of being soon revenged of her treacherous Gallant, but a minute after she repented to have caused such a noise; and feared least the *Caimakan* would discover her secret commerce with him; pity succeeded these wise reflections. That punishment, he was threatned with, seemed to her too cruel for a crime, which had no other principle but Love; and besides that, minding that *Basch laris* Marriage

riage was resolved upon ; and that her departure would have infallibly broken the two Lovers measures, she cursed her own transport , and was in an extream impatience to see the break of day, that she might go and beg the criminal's pardon. She thought moreover , if she discovered to the *Sultan* , that *Mustapha* had been so bold as to enter into *Bafch-lari's* apartment, it would be a hard case to hinder his death , and though she found an unvaluable pleasure in undoing her rival, yet she choose to bereave her self of it, and renounce so tickling and so sweet a revenge, rather than to exasperate her Sons spirit with so odious a circumstance. At break of day, she run into the *Sultans* apartment. Dear Lyon , saith she, it is the *Caimakan* , who hath been found disguised in a Maids garb; no doubt, the violent passion, he had for the *Spanish* Lady, put him out of his wits; I am very sorry for it, because he was a faithful Servant to thy Highness, he deserves indeed to dye; but, thy service being preferable

able before all, look thou whether it be not less inconvenient, to pardon him, than to deprive thy self of a Minister so zealous of thy glory. The *Sultan* surpris'd at the name of *Mustapha* call'd to mind, in that critical minute, the great and important services he had received from him, and finding much likely-hood in all that his Mother said, he told her he was sorry, that he had been arrested, because he did not at all concern himself for the *Spanish* Slave, nay that he had repented to have taken her away from him.

At the same time, he granted his pardon, but was not so indulgent to the *Kehaia*, whom he commanded absolutely to be strangled; nevertheless, the *Sultaneſs* Mother so earnestly sued for his life; that, though with much ado, she at last obtained he should not dye; but he must lose his place, and be turned out of the Palace. So *Mustapha* was set at liberty, when he expected nothing but Death, and as great Monarchs know well how to season their favours, the

The *Sultan* being perswaded, he
 was in Love with the *Spanish Lady*,
 sent her back again to him two days
 after, and *Mustapha* had ever since
 that time, all respect imaginable for
Donna Emanuela, because he lookt
 upon her as the Grand Seignior's
 Slave. In the mean while, the very
 terrours of Death had not been able
 to diminish his Love; he was on the
 contrary so bewitched with *Basch-*
lari's charms, since his private con-
 versation with her, that he grew
 more sensible than ever of that fatal
 Marriage, which was to rob him of
 his Princess, but especially, when he
 heard, the *Bashaw* of *Aleppo* her fu-
 ture Husband was upon his depar-
 ture, and would shortly arrive at
Constantinople. This news allarmed
 him so much, and his hatred for that
 rival increased to such a degree, that
 he wholly bent his wit, to find a
 way how to undo him, and because
 he knew well, that the *Bashaws* who
 have Governments afar off the Court,
 do endeavour to grow rich by all
 sorts of wicked ways, and the Peo-
 ple

ple durst not complain of their injustice, but after they are called home, he sent one of his confidants to *Aleppo*, who did cunningly publish every where, that the *Bashaw* should never come back again. This false report wrought in the Peoples mind, as far as *Mustapha* could wish, an infinite number of complaints were made against the *Bashaw*; and the *Cadi* of *Aleppo*, who had a secret Order from the *Caimakan*, to examine carefully all that might serve a turn against him, he sent, in a few days, to the Grand Visier, an ample memorial of all his cruelties and misdemeanors, he made the report thereof to the *Divan*, in the presence of the Grand Seignior, who was so highly offended and incensed thereby, that not expecting so much as the Grand Visiers Vote, he sent presently a *Chiaoux* with a hatcherif to fetch his Head. This unfortunate *Bashaw*, having no reason to fear such an order from the Grand Seignior, who had lately designed him his Brother in Law, bid his Steward to bring
the

the *Chiaoux* into a magnifick apartment, which he had prepared for the Princess with great cares and infinite expences. After he had given him sufficient time to view all the riches of the place, that he might give a favourable account thereof to the Grand Seignior, he came to him to know what was his errand. The *Chiaoux* served him with the fatal Hatcherif, and without any other complement threw a silk rope on his Neck, and Strangled him presently. The Princess, who hated that Old *Baskaw*, had the good fortune to succeed him in his vast Estate, though she never saw him in her life; and *Mustapha* being so happily rid of one whose life was so great an hindrance to his love, flattered himself now that nothing would oppose his happiness, and contrived with the *Sultaneß* Mother of *Baschleri*, that upon the next *Bayram*, at which time the *Sultaneßes* of the Old *Serraglio* wait upon the Grand Seignior, she should recommend her Daughters interest to his

his Highness, and move to him the intended Match.

Although the secret commerce of *Mustapha* with the *Sultaneſs Valide* was ended, with the favour of the chief Eunuch, yet he still managed her protection, and sometimes sent *Selams* to her, wherein he affected to shew himself very sorrowful, for being so long bereft of the happiness of her presence. These Witnesses of a remnant of love did very little persuade the *Sultaneß*. She doubted not but *Mustapha* had much contributed to the Death of the *Bashaw of Aleppo*; however, because Women do not willingly part with any of their Conquests, she accepted of his *Selams*, and feigned to believe what they meant, but she nevertheless, minded of Marrying *Basch-lari*, and removing her from the Port. The Grand Vicer being dead in this juncture, all the Subjects of that vast Empire stood in great expectation of him that should be raised to that height of honours. The *Sultaneſſes* and prime Eunuchs made their interests, every one

one in favour of their particular friends; but the *Sultan*, who had a great inclination to *Mustapha*, preferred him before all the other candidates, and Proclaimed him his Grand Visier, whereupon he received the complements of the whole Court, his very Enemies being the forwardest of all in sending Magnificent Presents to him. The *Sultaneſſes* whose interest it is to keep a good correspondency with that first Minister, sent secretly their emissaries to complement him in their behalf, every one of them respectively, endeavouring to let him understand, they had had a great influence in the Grand Seignior's choice. *Cara Muſtapha* being so arrived to the highest dignity a Subject of the *Ottoman* Empire may aspire unto, did no more doubt but the *Sultan* would honour him with his alliance, and give him the Princess *Basch-lari* in Marriage, and if sometimes his love made him apprehensive, and fearful of some difficulties, he presently relied upon the Grandeur of his fortune, which

lifted

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liſted

lifted him above all other *Visiers* and *Bashaws*, that might pretend to the possession of his *Mistress*.

The *Bayram* being come, the *Sultane's Krali* a very ambitious Woman, who hoped to get again in the Government of the State, if ever the Grand *Visier* should Marry her Daughter, waited upon the Grand *Seignior*, and so cunningly wrought upon him, that he approved of the Match, and promised her, he would shortly see it accomplisht. She failed not to acquaint the Grand *Visier* with the good success of her visit, who was so transported with joy at these happy news that he set all his *Slaves* at liberty, the fair *Spanish Lady* alone did not enjoy that favour, because having once entred the *Sultan's Serraglio*, the *Visier* could not free her without his special Warrant; but that Prime Minister used her with so much civility and kindness, that such a captivity might have been pleasant to any other, but this charming Maid, who had secret reasons to bewail still the misery of her State.

Although

although the Grand Visier had granted liberty to all his Slaves, yet there was found amongst them a young man of very good meen, who refused it. The Visier referring his refusal to the great Zeal he had for his service; proffered him several advantageous conditions, if he would turn *Turk*. The Slave answered him, he was so well satisfied with his fortune, that he would not change it for that of any *Bashaw* of the Port. So proud an answer surprised the Visier, who caused him to be secretly observed, he that was charged with it, acquainted him a little while after, that this young Slave spent whole Nights in weeping under the Windows of the *Spanish Lady*. The Visier conceiving he was in love with her, commanded him to be put in Fetters, and having sent for *Donna Emanuela*, told her, in a jesting way, that a Christian Slave did so passionately Love her, that he spent whole Nights under her Window; lying upon the ground; but that he would soon see her rid of that silly

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Gallant,

Gallant, and cure him of his folly, with a daily doze of Five Hundred Bastinadoes. She grew pale at these last words, and a deluge of Tears breaking out of her Eyes, stirr'd up the curiosity of the Grand Visier, who earnestly intreated her to tell him whether she knew that Slave. *Donna Emanuela* seeing herself betrayed by her Tears, resolved to discover her secret, and being afraid, the Visier might perhaps, put a bad construction upon her conduct, she spoke to him in these terms,

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HISTORY
O F
DONNA EMANUELA

That unhappy Slave you speak of, my Lord, is called *Don Gaspard de Toledo*, he is of one of the most Illustrious Families in *Spain*, *Donna Maria de Mendoza* his Mother, was bred together with mine in the Queens Palace, both under the quality of Maids of Honour; and though beauty doth always breed envy amongst Persons of the same rank in Royal Houses, yet there was such a conformity of humours and principles between them, that they never concealed any thing one from another,

and loved themselves with as much sincerity as tenderness. They were both Married the same year, and their love proved no less fervent and true after their Marriage, than while they were Maids. About the Years end *Donna Maria* was brought to Bed of the unfortunate *Don Gaspard*; as for my Mother she found her self big with Child but three years after, and you see my Lord the product of her breeding. *Donna Maria* was exceeding glad that my Mother had brought into the World a Daughter, and e'en as soon as I was born, she demanded me in Marriage for her Son; our Planets approved of our Mothers design, and bred between us such a sympathy, that we did prefer the pleasure of being together, before all other divertisements suitable to our Age; but our happiness ended almost as soon as we begun to know it. *Don Gaspard* was near twelve, and I eight years old, when my Father was sent Ambassador to *Rome*, and took along with him all his Family; our Parents were very busie,
how

how to give us some comfort in this hard separation, and found no better way to sweeten our grief, than to conclude our Marriage, which was done with all usual formalities, having both signed it by their command.

My Fathers Ambassy lasted Six Years, and because he had been at vast expences in *Rome*, the Government of *Naples* was bestowed upon him, as a recompence for his Charges; so that my Mother foreseeing, we could not return so soon in *Spain*, wrote to that of *Don Gaspard*, and desired her to send him into *Italy*. They gave him an equipage answerable to his birth, and he departed. But *Don Gaspard* who then begun to be sensible of Martial glory, hearing of the Wars in the low Countries, took his Journey towards *Flanders*, and thought no more of *Naples*. My Mother who had been acquainted with his departure from *Spain*, was in a great trouble for him, and I must confess to you, my Lord, that I had a great share in her sorrow,

a while after we had intelligence from *Madrit*, that he was in *Flan- ders*. My Father was so offended at his coldness, or rather, slighting of me, that he would have broken all the bounds of our Engagement, had not my Mother sweetned his anger, and taken him from that resolution, though with no small pain. Peace having succeeded the War between the two Crowns, which balance the Affairs of *Europe*, and *Don Gaspard* having no more occasion to get glory, felt some impatience to see me again, but he was willing to satisfy his curiosity without being known, he came to *Milan*, and having communicated his design to the Prince of *Ligne*, who was then Governour of that Dukedom, he earnestly intreated him to give him leave to go under the name of his Son, and to write a recommendatory Letter to my Father, that upon account of their ancient friendship, he might hope a kind reception from him. The Prince, who was not ignorant of my being long since Married with *Don Gaspard*,

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conceiving, he would use that Letter only to play upon me some gallant trick, that should, at most, last one day or two, granted it to him in what manner he was pleased to have it. *Don Gaspard* arrived at *Naples*, where he passed easily for the Prince of *Ligne's* Son, for he was so changed since his Child-hood, that no body knew him again. My Father gave him an apartment in his Palace, and forgot nothing that might Witness the great esteem he had both for the Father and the Son. The first time, I saw him at *Naples*, I wished, my Lover might be as well made as he, he entertained me with so much wit, and I discovered in his Person so many excellent qualities, that I had a secret shame within my self for that natural inclination I felt for him, fancying that I ought to esteem none in the World but *Don Gaspard*; so that I resolved to shun the Company of a Cavalier, whose sight might prove so ruinous to my vertue. In the mean time, my Father being extremely scandalized to

hear no more of *Don Gaspard*, although the peace was made, was so satisfied with the young Prince of *Ligne*, that he said several times to my Mother, he would willingly have him to his Son in Law, my Mother gave him a Thousand reasons to the contrary, and though she did agree with him about the merit of the young Prince, yet she could not resolve to turn out the Son of *Donna Mendoza* her Friend. I had much to suffer in this juncture. My Father on one side would have me no more think of *Don Gaspard*; on the other, my Mother represented to me as so many crimes, the least thoughts of any other but him who was designed to be my Husband. My perplexity was such as cannot be well imagined. I could not keep me from a great esteem for the Prince of *Ligne*, but however my heart stood firm for *Don Gaspard*. I will not trouble you, My Lord, with the several ways he used to corrupt my vertue, which held out against all his attacks; nay, I did so happily hide from him the

secret

secret motions of my heart, that he could never observe in my conduct any thing that might give him the least hope. A little while after, my Father received a Letter from the Governour of *Milan*, wherein he begged his pardon for the little cheat he had put upon him, in writing a recommendatory Letter to him for *Don Gaspard de Toledo*, under the Name of his Son, and wished him much Joy for having chosen a Son in Law endowed with so many excellent parts. As he was already prepossessed with a great esteem for the Prince, he was overjoyed to find in him the true *Don Gaspard*, he sent immediatly for him, and all the attendants being retired, he embraced him with all the tenderness of a true Father, approved of his witty Plot and permitted him to carry it on still. *Don Gaspard* who fell at first in no small confusion, to see himself discovered, confessed to my Father, he had thought fit to know me before our Marriage, for fear of falling into that inconveniency which

is so common amongst *Spaniards*, who slight their Wives, because having never seen them before their engagement, they use themselves to a possession which was never mixed nor seasoned with any allarm, and consequently they never feel for them but very lukewarm and languishing passions; he added so many things to my advantage, that I could not rehearse them without a blush. My Father left him, being extremely edified to see so much wisdom in so tender a Youth. That very same day, he would have him sit at Table with my Mother and me, which is lookt upon in our Country, as a very extraordinary favour, my Mother repined at it, and did her utmost to hinder it; but seeing my Father would absolutely have it so, she ceased to oppose it. After meat she retired in her Chamber, and I was obliged to follow her. She told me, with tears, that she could not apprehend the meaning of her Husband, but intreated me never to forget that I was bound to *Don Gaspar*, and feign a
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Distemper rather than sit again at Table with the Prince of *Ligne*. In the mean time, my Father not being able to see my Mother any longer in a bad humour, let her know that the false Prince of *Ligne* was the true *Don Gaspard*, in Witness whereof he shewed her the Letter of the Governour of *Milan*. There was never a Joy like hers. She embraced her Husband an Hundred times, and recalling in her mind *Don Gaspard's* features, she found that, indeed, he resembled *Donna Maria de Mendoza*, and she could not imagine how she might have staid so long in so gross an error. She was in a great impatience to see *Don Gaspard* and embrace him, but my Father who had bound himself to secret, earnestly intreated her to be silent, nay to conceal still from me the business for a while, as I was ignorant of all these particulars, I lived in a great perplexity of mind. I pleaded indisposition according to my Mothers command, but yet I insinuated to my Father, that I was well enough to go.

go and sit at Table with him, he was angry with me, for that out of complaisance to her, I failed once to be there, but on a sudden, I saw a strange alteration in my Mother's carriage, she did no more oppose it, on the contrary, she bid me sit at Table every day just by the Prince, and dressed me with her own Jewels to set off my Beauty; I perceived at the same time, that she had an extraordinary kindness for him upon all occasions; nay, she affected to withdraw in her Closet after meal, and commanded me to stay by my Father, who usually plaid at Chess with an old Chaplain of his, so that the false Prince was in full liberty to court me; which indeed he performed with so much passion, and in so tender and inticing a manner, that I was e'en ready to surrender, when my Mother did well perceive my weakness, and being afraid like a prudent Woman, that I would perhaps too favourably answer his Fires, and that *Don Gaspard* would not approve of the Prince's progress upon
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my heart, discovered me the intrigue of his disguise, and recommended me over all, not to give him the least suspicion that I were acquainted with it. I resolved at first to be revenged of this trick, and to punish him soundly, who was the contriver thereof; but it was impossible for me to dissemble long, and I found so much pleasure in thinking that I could, without failing to my former engagement with *Don Gaspard*, satisfy the secret Inclination I had to the Prince, that I had not vertue enough to shew him the least indignation; nay, far from frowning upon him, I sought his company, and admired all that he said, and kept with him as long as decency could allow, and when I was obliged to retire, it was always with a secret impatience to see him again; he had for me the same sentiments I had for him, but with this notable difference, that he enjoyed the pleasure to express them to me an Hundred times a day, whereas I lived in a continual reserve, being forced to conceal mine from him,

but

but at last his passion grew so violent that he came to my Father, desired him to accompany him to my apartment, to tell me his true name, and bring quickly our Marriage to an happy conclusion. I was so troubled, when my Father presented him to me; and I was so little attentive to his complement, that I have quite forgot it; but this I remember well, that *Naples* was preparing to honour our Wedding with Magnifick Feasts, and all manner of publick rejoycings, just at the time when Letters came from *Spain*, by which we were informed of the Death of *Don Gaspard's* Father. This unseasonable news broke all our measures. It was resolved, *Don Gaspard* should ride Post to *Madrid*, and that, for his Mother's comfort, we should be Married in *Spain*, whither I was to go by Sea three Months after. I will not trouble you, My Lord, with the sad account of our grief, when we left one another; but it is certain that I had a foresight of those misfortunes that have befallen us since, and that I swooned

fwooned away within my Mothers Arms, when he took his leave of me. Assoon as he was arrived in *Spain*, he wrote to my Father, and desired him to send me thither before the three Months we had agreed upon were expired. My Father who had a great desire to see me Married with that young Lord; whose merit and vertue were well known to him, thought fit to grant him his request; I embarked, and after a long and troublesome Navigation, our Sea-men told us, they had discovered the Coast of *Spain*, this news made me forget all the toils of so painful a Journey, and I did already flatter my self with the hopes of seeing shortly my Lover, who expected me at *Barcelona*; when you made your self Master of our Ship. *Don Gaspard's* heart was broke at the tidings of my sad adventure, his courage or rather his Love, did not permit him to stay for any succour from my Father. He provided himself with a considerable Summ of Money, and took Ship together with some Religious Men, who

who depart every year from *Spain*, for the Redemption of Christian Slaves in the Dominions of the Grand Seignior; having Landed at *Constantinople*, he was told, that I could no more be Redeemed, because I was shut up in the *Serraglio*, and what care soever he took to hear of me, it was impossible for him to do it. All his Friends advised him to return home, but he would not follow their Counsels, he stayed in *Constantinople*, though bereft of all hopes of ever seeing me again, he heard nevertheless of some *Jews*, that I had been sent back in your *Serraglio*; he proffered them an ample reward, if they could but get him a place in your Houshold. As nothing seems hard to those Mercenary Souls, when they have a prospect to satisfy their insatiable avarice, they gave him great hopes; but however, after they had vainly tryed all sorts of ways to compass their design, they told him 'twas altogether impossible to do it, because, there was no President that a *Mussulman* had ever kept Christians.

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in his service, except they were his Slaves. These difficulties disheartned him not, and he did very willingly consent that the *Jews* should sell him to your *Kehaia*; after which he found a way at last how to discover himself to me, and notwithstanding the great alteration of his fortune, I presently knew him again. Now see, my Lord, continued *Donna Emanuela*, if he deserves to be so severely dealt with as you had designed.

The Grand Visier was moved at this Speech, and after he had commanded his *Kehaia* to see *Don Gaspard* put out of Fetters, he assured the *Spanish* Lady, that her condition was not so unfortunate as she fancied, since the Grand Seignior whose Slave she was could permit her to Marry her Lover, and bestow upon them both such an Estate, as might equal if not surpass that which they had left behind them in their own Country; that they should but cause themselves to be instructed with the Law of *Mahomet*; to enable him thereby to speak in their behalf to the *Sultan*,
and

and procure them all manners of benefits from his Highness; which else he could not do, because his Religion did forbid him to concur any way to the settlement of a Christian; he would or could not stay for her answer, but sent immediately to both of them; his Doctors to teach them the Precepts of the *Alcoran*, being very confident, that loving one another to such an high degree of tenderness, they would never refuse those so advantageous conditions he proffered to them; but these couple of Heroick Souls stood firm and unshaken in their Religion, and after they had given one another a Thousand assurances, that their mutual love should indure as long as their life, they resolved in presence of the *Turkish* Divines, rather to dye than to renounce Christianity. The Grand Visier being acquainted with their resolution spoke again to *Donna Emanuela*, and let her know that she must bid an eternal farewell to *Don Gaspard*, if she would be so obstinate ly bent upon her Religion; nay, that

he was a going to embark him in a Ship, that was ready to sail for *Spain*, but all these threatnings did not shake her constancy. She answered still with the same courage, and her virtue carried it over her Love. The Grand Visier applyed himself next to *Don Gaspard*, urged to him all sorts of reasons and arguments drawn out of the interest of his Love and Fortune, but all in vain, so that seeing it was not lawful for him, according to the Principles of his Religion, to help them in these circumstances, he forced the *Jews*, who had sold *Don Gaspard* to pay his ransom, and sent him back in his own Country.

Whilst the Grand Visier waited with an unspeakable impatience, for the Grand Seignior's Orders upon his Marriage with the Prince's *Basch-lari*; that Monarch who did never take a final resolution upon any thing, but more especially upon such matters as regarded the Princes, or Princesses of his Family, without first consulting the *Sultaneß Validé* his Mother, imparted to her his design to match
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the Grand Visier with his Sister, and related to her all those reasons, the *Sultaneſs Krali* had urged to him, to move him thereunto. The *Sultaneſs Validé* needed the ſuccour of all her wit to put by this dreadful Blow. She feigned at firſt to approve of the *Sultan's* project, and added yet other reasons to confirm her Son in this reſolution: but (oh what is not a cunning and jealous Woman capable to do) after a ſilence of ſome moments ſhe ſaid, that when the Prince hath once truſted a Miniſter with the whole conduct of his Empire, he cannot be too cautious, or do too much to engage him in his intereſt by all poſſible means; that, for her ſelf, ſhe was far from diſliking a deſign ſo conformable to the good of the State. ſhe thought 'twas not enough to Match his Siſter with the Grand Viſier, but moved further that, to bind him with a nearer alliance, he ought to give him his Daughter, though then but Five Years old. She upheld her motion with ſo many other arguments, that ſhe perſwaded the

Grand

Grand Seignior of the reasonableness thereof, and he promised her to follow it. This *Sultaneſſe*, whose aim was only to break the measures of our Lovers, was not contented with the resolution of the *Sultan*, to make of the Grand Viſier his Son in Law, her jealousie did yet require a more cruel revenge. She shewed a great concern for the establishment of the Princess *Baſch-lari*, and intreated the *Sultan* to prevent all the complaints of the *Sultaneſſe Krali* her Mother, by Matching her with *Baſhaw Aſaſp*, upon whom at the same time he might bestow the Government of *Buda*, which is one of the most important and considerable post of the whole Empire. The Grand Seignior having approved of all his Mother's Counsels, thanked her for her great Zeal to his interest; the next day he sent for *Cara Muſtapha*, to whom he declared his resolution to honour him with his alliance, by giving him in Marriage his only Daughter, which was the richest and dearest treasure he had in the World, and the infalliblest

liblest Witness, he might have of his
 being fully satisfied with his services.
Mustapha stood so amazed, and so
 overwhelmed with anguish at this
 cruel discourse, that the *Sultan* should
 have certainly perceived the great
 trouble, which was spread all over
 his Face and Person, had not he, to
 hide his commotion, cast himself at
 the Feet of his Master, which he em-
 braced a long while, without utter-
 ing one Word. The *Sultan* who at-
 tributed this respectful silence to an
 excess of joy for so pleasant a news,
 told him at the same time of *Basch-
 lari's* Match with *Bashaw Asasp*, whom
 upon account thereof he made Go-
 vernour of *Buda*. The unfortunate
 Visier resented this addition of grief
 in a manner, that can be better ima-
 gined than expressed. The *Sultan*
 seeing him still prostrated at his Feet
 and that he would not rise up, thought
 to the purpose to spare him the con-
 fusion of an answer, upon so nice an
 Affair, and retired still perswading
 himself, that *Mustapha's* silence could

have

have no other cause but the excess of his Joy.

As soon as he was alone, he gave himself over to despair, seeing no condition in the whole World more unhappy than his, he revolved in his mind, that he had arrived to the highest dignities of the Empire, far less by his ambition, than by his Love, which had made him vigilant and active in hope of pleasing his Princess; that after he had ventured his life to inform her of his passion, that same love had prompted him with means how to undo the *Bashaw* of *Aleppo* her designed Husband; that he had rejoiced at his preferment to the place of Grand Visier, but because he grew thereby less unworthy of his Princess; that he had ingaged the *Sultaneſs Krali* to speak in his behalf; that the Grand Seignior had liked the motion of his Match, and that after all that he must spend his life in a continual Slavery with a Child of Five Years, and see his Princess in another's Arm, or to say better, never see her any more, since
 she

she must go to *Buda* with her Husband; these cruel reflections afflicted him so much, that he should have forgot to send the usual presents to the Grand Seignior's Daughter, had not his friends, hearing of the Honour this Monarch had bestowed upon him, earnestly intreated him to answer it, and to present the Young Princess with Slaves, Toilets, Gowns, and Jewels, according as it is practised in such like occasions. The Grand Visier passed many days in private, during which he granted audience to no Body, and found no better comfort than to let *Basch-lari* know his despair, and assure her, that in spite of all the Grand Seigniors violence and injustice, he was resolved to venture a Thousand lives, for to convince her, he would love her to his last breath; but *Bashaw Asasp* having used the Precaution to draw in, with rich presents, the *Sultane's Krali* to his party, she spoke to her Daughter in his Favour, and cunningly let her understand, that the Grand Visier,

being

being Master of the Empire, it would have been easie for him to Marry her, if sacrificing his love to his ambition, he had not preferred the quality of Son in Law, of the Grand Seignior before that of Brother. The Princess who found a great likelihood in her Mothers reasons, was sensibly moved at that contempt, and resolved to forget the Grand Visier; but all the efforts she made to conquer it, were fruitless. She endeavoured to stifle that secret inclination, she felt for him; but it had got so deep and so strong a root within her heart, that this rebellious heart did always revolt against her reason; and all that she had been told of her Lovers ingratitude, was not sufficient to blot out his sweet *Idea* of her mind; however, though she had an extreme repugnancy for a Match with *Bashaw Asasp*, she must follow the stream of her destiny, and her Mother made her at last resolve to obey the irrevocable Orders of the Grand Seignior. The *Sultaneſs Validé* whose aim was only to remove, as soon as

she could, so dangerous a rival, per-
 swaded the *Sultan* to make her de-
 part upon the very same day of the
 Ceremony of her Marriage, which
 was performed with such rigour, that
 she had not so much liberty allowed
 to her, as to wait upon her Mother
 in the old *Serraglio*, to bid her the
 last adieu. The Grand Visier got ne-
 vertheless his *Selam* presented to the
 Princess, that same fatal day; she
 received it without knowing almost
 what she was a doing, being tossed
 with an infinite number of confused
 and opposite motions; yet, *malgré*
 her anger, and all those bounds she
 had just now entred into, she found
 some comfort in receiving a *Selam*
 from her Lover, though she conceiv-
 ed, that he could not alledge any
 good reason, to excuse his perfidy;
 but when she knew through the dis-
 position and quality of the Flowers
 the *Selam* was compounded with,
 that *Mustapha* was brought to des-
 pair, and assured her of an everla-
 sting love, that knowledge served
 but to increase her grief, and to
 make

make her more sensible of so cruel a separation. *Roxelane* who with her discourses had always nourished and cultivated her love for the Grand Visier, in hopes of obtaining her liberty after their Marriage, was no less cast down than her Lady. This conformity of sentiments, or perhaps, a secret pleasure the Princess felt in talking of *Mustapha*, with a Person that was in his interest, made her complain to that Slave, for to try her mind, of the perfidy of the Visier, who after having made a Sacrifice of her to his ambition, was yet so cruel as to increase her anguish with vain endeavours to perswade her by most passionate *Salams*, that he did lose her to his great grief, and would never cease to love her; *Roxelane* forgot nothing that might justify the Grand Visier, and the Princess was so ready to allow of all that could do it, that she easily believed, the *Sultan* had forced him to Marry his Daughter; but when she reflected upon her Mothers reasons, and that the Grand Visier, being ab-

solute Master in the Empire could have taken other measures to prevent her misery, she presently concluded he had never had for her but an ordinary passion, since he had not opposed her Match with *Eashaw Asasp*, as he did with the *Bashaw* of *Aleppo*; as these reflections did interest her glory, she was so overpowered by them, that she took a final resolution never to hear of him, and accustomed herself by degrees to the caresses of her Husband, who used her with all imaginable respect and kindness.

The Grand Visier being inconsolable upon the Princesses departure, gave over the Government, and spent some Months in such a languishing condition, that they despaired of his Life. Nevertheless with time, and the remedies of the ablest Physicians of the Empire, he recovered his former health, and took again the care of the State. As soon as he begun to recover, the *Sultane's Valide* who was no more afraid of a rival, made several steps towards him,

him, for the renewing of their commerce, but the Visier, who could not forget her so maliciously contriving the Match of *Basch-lari*, and would no more trouble himself with the intrigues of the *Serraglio*, since life it self was a burthen to him, did not answer these advances; nay, he took from her that share she had in the Government of Affairs, by insinuating to the Grand Seignior, that 'twas to bewanting to his own glory, & to violate all the Rules of State Policy, partake his authority with a Woman, who had abused it on several occasions. The *Sultaneſs* being incensed at the Grand Visiers contempt, and well warned of his design to get her out of credit, turned all her kindness for him into a mortal hatred. She was seized with a fit of fury as often as she remembred, that the very Man who was beholding to her for his Life, and which she had raised to the eminentest dignity of the Empire, did now flight her, and used that credit she had procured him, but to destroy her. She looked upon him as a Mon-

ster of ingratitude , and found as
 much pleasure in contriving a revenge
 against him, than she had done for-
 merly in raising him to honours for
 to content the motions of her love, but
 the Grand Visier, who did put to no
 account all the good Offices he had
 received from her , since that cruel
 outrage she had made to him, by
 taking away *Basch-lari* e'en from his
 own arms , used such precautions
 near the *Sultan*, that he countermin-
 ned all the *Sultaneß* Mothers connings,
 and was ever since more absolute in
 his Ministry, than he had ever been
 until that time. In the mean while,
 the Prince's *Basch-lari*, who was at
Buda with her Husband, lived a very
 happy life in appearance; but all the
 respects of the *Bashaw* her Husband,
 did not hinder her to think sometimes
 of *Mustapha* , and to feel a great
 pleasure in talking of him with *Roxo-*
lane; she did nevertheless endeavour
 to perswade that Slave, she had
 wholly forgot him. But *Roxelane*,
 who knew well her sentiments was
 not complaisant to such a degree, as
 to

to agree with her about it. The Princess being ashamed of the opinion, or rather knowledge, that Maid had of a Love, which she could not stifle, made an effort upon her self, and resolved to set her at liberty, that she might be rid of a Person, whose presence did continually upbraid her with her weakness; and that she might the better perswade the Slave, that she was no more troubled for *Mustapha*, she commanded her to return to *Constantinople*, to see the Grand Visier, to assure him, that she lived happy, and that she had set her at liberty, meerly to be rid of the sight of a Woman, that might remember her of her former complaisance to him. Though that resolution was most contrary to her sentiments; she thought it however most conducive to her glory, to let the Grand Visier know, that she saw his indifferency without grief. This last reflection thoroughly determined her, and caused her to take measures with her Husband, for the Journey of *Roxolane* to *Constantinople* upon o-

ther pretences; as soon as she was arrived at the Port, she failed not to wait upon the Grand Visier, who received her with a great deal of kindness. She gave him an account of *Basch-lari's* sentiments, but with so much cunning, that he remained satisfied, there was less indifferency in her anger, than love; from that moment he thought himself less unfortunate, and begun to mind of the means, how to see his Princess again, he had several conferences with *Roxelana*, who helped him to perceive, that *Basch-lari's* so much affecting to be believed happy, shewed rather a passion not yet well extinguished, than a Soul truly quiet and calm. The Grand Visier was so transported with joy at the hearing of particulars which still flattered his passion, that he forgot nothing to shew his gratitude to *Roxelane*, and promised her to send her back in the Country of her Birth. *Roxelane* not being willing to let slip so fair an opportunity, intreated him to grant her also the liberty of *Donna Emanuela*; but,
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the Visier let her understand, that it did not lye in his power to do it, because a Slave, who had had the honour to be designed to the Grand Seignior's pleasures, could never upon what colour soever, be redeemed or freed; but he assured her, that he would never demand of her any thing contrary to her fidelity to *Don Gaspard*, though she should be used with the same respect, that was paid to his Wives. *Roxelana* seeing 'twas impossible for her to obtain *Donna Emanuela's* freedom, accepted of the Grand Visier's proffer, and returned in *Italy* overwhelmed with favours, and more happy than she was, before she fell into Slavery.

The Ambassadors of Count *Teckley*, that Famous Chief of the Malecontents in *Hungary*, did at that time renew their intreaties at the Port, to obtain a relief from the *Sultan* against the Emperour: The Grand Visier would fain have made use of so favourable an occasion to go, and see his Princess at the Head of an Army, under the pretence of assisting the

Malecontents; but he had just now concluded a Peace with the King of *Poland*, and put the Grand Seignior upon the thoughts of other Conquests, being both prepossess'd, through the intrigues of the House of *Austria*, that most part of the Princes of *Europe*, were confederate under the Emperour's command, to destroy *France*, which could never resist so many Puissances united against it: and not doubting, but in such a happy juncture, it would be easie for the Grand Seignior's Navy to make themselves Master of *Provence*, he had already sent Orders to *Caplay Bashaw* to put to Sea.

Now seeking a fair Colour to break honestly with *France*, It came in his mind to refuse the honour of the *Sopha* to the *French* Kings Ambassador, and engaged the Corsairs of *Algiers* and *Tripoli* to insult all the Ships of that Nation, they could meet with; assuring them of a powerful protection: But seeing, the War of the Christian Princes did not facilitate any enterprise to the Grand
Seig-

Seignior, and that *France* did still maintain it self, *maugré* that great number of Enemies, he fell into a fit of impatience, and his love made him wish, that all that he had been told of the State of Christendom, might prove false, to the end, that he might have a pretext to go in *Hungary*, and see his Princess by the way at *Buda*. Therefore he sent secretly his Emissaries in most Courts of the Christian Princess, with Orders, to send him a faithful account of the posture, and condition of Affairs therein. A little while after he heard, by their reports, which were all found consentaneous, of the Conquest of *Lewis* the *French* King, the admirable conduct of that Monarch, and of the great disorder of his Enemies. The Grand Visier acknowledging thereby, that all he had heard before, was but an effect of the contrivance of the Emperor's Emissaries, acquainted the *Sultan* withal, and drew him out of that errour, he had himself so long been in, of the pretended decay of *France's* power, but they

they knew soon after with their own experience, that *Lewis* the great was more in condition to give the Law to others, than to receive it of any body. The Grand Seignior's *Fleet* favouring by the secret Orders of the Port, the Corsairs of *Algier*, that of *France* blocked up *Caplan Baskaw* in the Port of *Chio*, and forced him to abandon them to their just revenge. The Grand Visier took no notice of this swinging affront, and insinuated to the Grand Seignior, it was now time to make War in *Hungary*, and make use of the ill posture of the Emperor's Affairs, who, aiming at the destruction of *France*, had exhausted his treasure. So dreadful preparations were made in the whole Empire, that People believed the *Sultan* was going to conquer all Christendom. The *Sultaneß Validé* was very well pleased at this design of War, hoping it might furnish her with means and occasions to undo more easily the Grand Visier when absent from the Port. The Emperour having intelligence of the extraordinary preparations

tions of the *Turks* sent Count *Caprara* to *Adrianople*, to treat of Peace, he proffered so advantageous terms, that all the *Divan* rejected them with scorn, conceiving thereby that the Affairs of the Emperor, were in a most desperate condition.

All the Troops being assembled about *Adrianople*, the *Sultan* Mustered them, and taking a Herontops from his own Turbant, set it upon the Grand Vifiers, with all the usual Ceremonies, to shew that he trusted him with all his Authority; 'tis observable, that *Mustapha* who had his Friends and Spies in the *Serraglio*, was before his departure warned, the *Sultaneſs Validé* had boasted, she would undo him in this War, he slighted the advice, though he ought to foresee, she would not fail to turn his absence to her advantage, and could, perhaps, get again that great ascendant she had formerly had upon the Grand Seignior's mind; his private friends represented unto him, he could not remove himself so far from the
Port

Port, without breaking all the rules of Policy, and endeavoured to persuade him to accept of Count *Capra-ra's* proposals; but he was too much in love, to hearken to their reasons. Princess *Baschlari's* Charms did wholly possess his Heart, and all the powers of his Soul. The meer hope of seeing her again, fill'd him with so much Joy, that he feared no more to loose his fortune, conceiving he should not buy such a pleasure too dear with his own life. Nevertheless, because he knew the *Sultanesse's* Spirit, and that women do seldom forgive when they think themselves to have been slighted, he resolved to take from her all means to hurt him, and in order thereunto, to persuade the *Sultan* to March at the head of his Troops; he urged to him, that the Monarch's presence gives always much reputation to an Army, and that he ought not to doubt but the Christians hearing of his Highnesses Marching with so formidable Troops, would rather crave his mercy with respectful submissions, than provoke his anger with

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an unprofitable resistance. In fine, he did so prepossess him he had no other motive in advising him so, but a great passion for his glory, that the Grand Seignior resolved to pass into *Hungary*; and now the Grand Visier seeing himself secured thereby from all the contrivances of the *Sultaneſs*, Injoyed before hand, unvaluable pleasures in thinking that after he had troubled all the World, to put himself in measures of seeing his dear *Basch-lari*, he was gone so far that he could see no more obstacles to the performance of his design.

The Grand Seignior parted then from *Adrianople*, at the Head of two Hundred Thousand Men, but the continual rain that numerous and formidable Army was troubled, and almost overwhelmed with, the first days of its March, seemed to many of a very bad omen, the Troops upon their arrival at *Belgrad* were so much out of Order, and the Trains so harassed, that the *Sultan* thought fit to dwell there a long while, that they might have time to be set up again.

again in order. The Grand Visier longing to see *Basch-Lari*, wanted not a pretext to go with a strong detachment straightway to *Buda*; and fearing lest she should be perplexed for the presence of the *Bashaw* her Husband, he sent him Orders to go and joyn Count *Teckley*, and both together to relieve *Newhensel*, which was threatned with a Siege by the Christians. The Princess who had a Thousand reasons to be fully satisfied with her Husband, hearing of *Mustapha's* coming to *Buda*, fancied at first she could see him without trouble; she did nevertheless mistrust her own heart, and to avoid any return of her former tenderness for a Man whom she had judged worthy of her esteem, she recalled in her mind, with how much ingratitude this Grand Visier had sacrificed her to his ambitious projects, and at the same time, reflected upon those great obligations her Husband had laid upon her, and with how much respect and complaisance he had used her ever since their Marriage. These tumultuous thoughts

thoughts inspired her with so much pride, that far from being afraid of the Visier's arrival, she longed to see him, that she might have the pleasure, to shew him a great indifference; he arrived at last, and demanded to wait upon the Princess from the Grand Seignior. She received him in State, and in an attire, which did so much set off her natural beauty, that the Grand Visier was extremely moved at it; he complemented her first in the *Sultan's* name, and would next perswade her, that he had never performed his Highnesses commands with so much contentment; as now. The Princess answered him haughtily, and with a set malice assured him, that the best token the *Sultan* her Brother could give her of his love, was quickly to send her Husband home. *Mustapha* being surprised at a repartee so contrary to his Love, pretended, he had orders to acquaint her with the operations of the Campaign, and the Princesses Women and Eunuchs being retired at a distance, he complained of her cold.

coldness, and used the tenderest expressions to satisfy her of the continuance of his passion. The Princess let him know, she had followed his Example, but however would not take it ill from him, since she had been so fortunate, as to fall into the hands of a Husband, who was without contradiction, the most honest Man in the Empire. The Grand Vicer deeply penetrated with grief, cryed out against the injustice she was doing to him, by believing him liable to change, he afterwards discovered to her all those tricks where-
 • with the *Sultaneſs* Mother had broken their Match, and told her at last, that not being able to live any longer, without the happiness of seeing her, he had moved the Grand Seignior to renew the War in *Hungary*, that he might have occasion to come and dye at her Feet, if he were so unhappy as to be indifferent to her. The Princess, who had till now been ignorant of these so material circumstances for the justification of her lover, was so much moved by them,
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and that pride, which is intailed in-
to the *Ottoman* Family, was so much
satisfied to see, that a passion she
was the cause of, had put all *Europe*
in Arms, that in spight of all her du-
ties towards her Husband, her ten-
derness carried it over all the other
motions of her heart. She spoke ve-
ry kindly to *Mustapha*, and after
having bitterly inveighed against the
Sultaneß Valide, she could not forbear
confessing she was for the future, a-
fraid of a very unhappy life, well
foreseeing she should feel an equal
trouble to resist her passion on one
side, and to weaken that great esteem
she had already for her Husband on
the other, a flood, of tears poured down
from her eyes at these words; and hav-
ing desired *Mustapha* to retire, she cal-
led back her Women, and told them, she
had not been able to keep in her tears,
conceiving through the Grand Vissiers
discourse, this would be a Bloody
War, and her Husband should be ex-
posed to great dangers therein. Al-
though *Mustapha* were extremely
glad for his being at last justified in
the

the Princesses mind, and had reason to be contented with those signs she had given him, of what passed within her heart in his favour; yet because he looked upon the *Bashaw* of *Buda* as a rival, who had robbed him of his treasure; he was seized with so strong a jealousy, that he resolved to remove him speedily from the Princess; he revolved a Thousand times in his mind all the particulars of his conversation with her, and knowing she was above all taken with a great shew of merit and vertue, he thought, that if he could command the Army in his own Person, it would be easie to dazle her with some shining action. Therefore he made speed to rejoin the Grand Seigneur, whom he endeavoured to persuade 'twas fit he should stay at *Belgrad*, and leave to him all the care of this War. The *Sultan* at first opposed it; but as able Ministers do never want means and reasons to attain to their ends, the Grand Visier represented to his Highness, that if he should advance farther in the

Christian

Christian Territories, his being so far removed from *Constantinople*, might give way to some Rebellion; whereas if he would reside at *Belgrad*, no insurrection was to be feared at home, and he should be near enough the Army to reap all the Glory of the Conquests to be made. The *Sultan* being overpowered with these reasons followed the Counsel of *Mustapha*, who being desirous to do any thing, that might shine to *Baschlar's* Eyes, he resolved to begin the Campaign with the Siege of *Vienna*, and sent Orders to the *Bashaw* the Princesses Husband to block up the place, he Marched afterwards, at the Head of an Hundred and Threescore Thousand Men to besiege it actually; his Troops to terrifie the Christians, plundered and killed all that they met with in their March. As soon as the Siege was formed, the Grand Visier Summoned Count *Staremburg* Governour of the place to surrender it, assuring him of the Grand Seignior's friendship, if he would deserve it by a speedy Submission to his command

mand; but threatening him at the same time, that in case he would be so rash as to resist, and force him to expose and shed the Blood of the *Mussulmans*, he should put all to the edge of the Sword, without sparing either Age or Sex; nay, that he would excogitate a new torment for him in particular. Count *Staremburg* slighted this insolent *Turkish* Rodomontade, and prepared to discharge his trust like a Gallant Man, by a stout and vigorous defence; he caused all the Suburbs of *Vienna* to be Burnt, and so much encouraged both with deeds and words, the Soldiers and Citizens of the place, that they made a most solemn vow to defend it even to the last drop of their blood. The *Turks* attacked at first with much valour, but were beaten back, and lost a vast number of Men. The Grand Visier, whom the conduct of this Siege did not trouble so much as his love, had conceived an unspeakable hatred for the *Bashaw* of *Buda*, he thought he had done but little to remove him from the Princess *Basch-lari*;

Lari ; his Jealousie demanded a greater Sacrifice, and inspired him with a dark design to seek his Death, fancying this War gave him a fair opportunity to rid himself handsomly, and without fear of the least suspicion, of so potent and troublesom a rival. So he called one day the Council of War , and after having complained of the length of the Siege, he moved for a general assault, which he got resolved upon against the opinion of his most experienced Officers. The *Bashaw* of *Buda* was commanded to head the detachment, though he was one of them, who had voted against this rash enterprise. Nevertheless , he discharged his duty with much valour ; but the Christians being encouraged with their former happy successes, slew many Thousand of *Turks*, and forced the *Bashaw* to a retreat, to save the small remnant of his Troops ; however the Grand Visier blamed his conduct, and charged upon him this unhappy success, which did not vex him so much, because of the great
num.

number of Soldiers killed, as because the *Bashaw* had escaped the danger. In the mean while, a report was spread of the great King of *Poland's* Marching toward the relief of *Vien-na*. The *Bashaw* of *Buda*, who was a great Commander, moved in the Council that a strong body of Troops should be sent forthwith, to hinder the junction of the King's Army with the Emperor's, and made it appear, that the *Polanders* could not approach the place without Marching through several narrow passages, which few Armed Men were able to keep against the Power of an Army, but the Grand Visier, would not hearken to this prudent Counsel, and proudly answered, they must be let come, that the *Sultan* might be revenged upon them, for the great losses he had suffered during this Siege. In fine, upon the Twelfth of *September* 1683. the Christian Army was seen upon the Hills of *Vienna*. The Grand Visier, who relied upon the Multitude of his Men, thought, he could well Fight the Christians, and carry the

the Siege on both together, left a strong body of Janissaries in the Trenches, and commanded another detachment to strengthen them, and hinder the Sallies of the besieged. Afterwards he Marched with the main Body, to fight the Christians, and conceiving that notwithstanding the huge inequality of both Armies, the first shok was like to be very cruel, he thought it might prove favourable to his jealousy, by occasioning the death of the *Bashaw* of *Buda*. Therefore he commanded him to go and meet the Christians, forbidding him to retire, what effort soever they could make against him, and assuring him to be backed with the whole Army; besides, he was so confident of the victory, that he would have all his Wives mounted on Horse-back, and upon Camels to behold from a Neighbouring Hill, the defeat of the Christians; nay, they did already rejoyce before hand, for that imaginary Triumph, and attributed great praises to the Grand Visier. The only *Don-*

na Emanuela, who heard talk of nothing else, but of projects fatal to Christendom, was continually weeping; one of them, that was most of all in the Grand Visier's favour, and had always feared lest this Christian Slave's Beauty, might engage her Husband, moved to her to pass into the Camp of the *Polanders*, since she found herself so unhappy amongst the *Mussulmans*. *Donna Emanuela* let her understand, that her escape was not altogether impossible, if she would countenance it. The Visier's Wife being very desirous to be rid of a Person, that could contend with her for Beauty; promised her, she would contribute to it with her utmost Power, and trusted with her design two other Women, who had the same interest in *Donna Emanuela's* escape. In the mean time, the *Bashaw* of *Buda* was beaten back, and his Troops having had no succour retired in such a disorder, that they broke a great part of the *Turkish* Army. The Christians pursued them very close, and the *Turks* having no
time

time to rally, lost a great number of Men. The fright was general, and many a Squadron retired without fighting, or daring so much as to approach the Christians. The Grand Visier had much ado to keep in the Soldiers that fled on all sides; he did nevertheless, in such a hurly-burly cover with much art the disorder of his Troops, and without seeming to be forced to decamp, he made them retire with speed; nay, he left behind him the Janissaries, who were in the Trenches, lest he should be discovered in his retreat; but *Donna Emanuela*, who had contrived with the Grand Visier's Wives to make her escape, as soon as Night would help it, made use of the *Turks* consternation, and passed with little or no pain into the Christian Army. She was brought before the King of *Poland*, and acquainted his Majesty with the Flight of the *Turks*, who Fled with so much precipitation, that they had abandoned their Tents, and all their baggage. The King wondered at the great courage of that

Heroine, and because he did not well understand *Spanish*, he sent for some Cavalier of that Nation in the Emperor's Army. The Duke of *Lorrain*, sent a Man of quality, who served under him as adjutant General. The King of *Poland*, who had a mind to know the condition of the *Turkish* Army, commanded him to ask that Maid several questions, but as soon as *Donna Emanuela* had cast her eyes upon him, she knew him to be her dear *Don Gaspard*, and swooned away at the King's Feet. It was not long ere she recovered of her swoon, through the cares of *Don Gaspard*, who was ready to dye with joy, to see so unexpectedly that charming Maid; as the King wondered at such an extraordinary adventure, *Don Gaspard* acquainted him with *Donna Emanuela's* quality, and how far they were bound one to another. The King's presence could not hinder many tender expressions to pass between them both at so sweet and charming a remembrance. *Donna Emanuela* put an end to them, being
 desi-

desired to relate the particulars of the *Turks* disorder, and the fright of their Camp, when she made her escape. The King made so good use of her advice, that without any further delay, he pursued the Enemy, cut in pieces the Janissaries, who guarded the Trenches, and made himself Master of all the baggage and Tents of that numerous Army, finding both the Grand Visier's pavillion, and all the others still set up, he charged afterwards their rear, and should have certainly defeated the whole Army, had he had Troops enough ready to stop the passages, to the Grand Visier. *Mustapha* who had flattered himself, that he could make retreat without being pursued by the Christians, hearing of *Donna Emanuela's* escape, and of all the circumstances that attended it, doubted not but she would inform the King of *Poland* of the dismal condition, he was brought unto, for which he fell so grievous angry with all those, that had favoured or countenanced her Flight, that he caused presently

four of his Wives, and two Eunuchs to be Beheaded. In the mean time, though the loss of so many fine Troops did much trouble him, yet because he referred all things to his love, his heart was far less vexed at the raising of that Siege, than at the *Bashaw* of *Buda's* still living *maugré* all the tricks he had made use of, to destroy him; and conceiving, this *Bashaw* might upbraid him before the *Sultan* with the so many gross faults he had committed in the management of the Siege, he resolved to prepossess his Master's mind, and to charge before hand upon the *Bashaw* all the misfortunes which had befallen the Army; but when he reflected, that the Grand Seignior might perhaps forgive him for his Wife's sake, and that the *Bashaw* should find however a great comfort within the Arms of the Princess *Basch Lari*, this thought tormented him to such a degree, that without any farther examination, he gave himself over to the impetuosity of his vengeance, and caused this great but unfortunate *Bashaw* to be

be Strangled; and to avoid the suspicion that any private grudge might have influenced in this severe punishment, he served so two other *Bashaws* whom he accused of ill conduct, and cowardise in the discharge of their duty. Every one was amazed at so bold an action, but the Visier did not matter much the murmurs and discourses of the People, he was only troubled about *Basch lari*, how she should receive this news. Nevertheless, knowing that most Women bewail the loss of their Husbands, meer for decency's sake, and do easily forget the dead in favour of the living, he hoped that the remedy of time, and his cares should diminish her anger. Therefore being pritty well freed from fear on that side, he bent all his wits to find a way, how to justifie himself before the Grand Seignior; he sent a trusty friend of his to *Belgrad*, and let the *Sultan* understand, that the *Bashaw* of *Buda*, looking upon his Highnesses Conquests with a jealous eye, and foreseeing *Buda* should no more be a

Frontier after the taking of *Vienna*, had crossed with all manner of obstacles the success of that enterprise; that he had been contented at first to upbraid him with it, in hope that a man, who had the honour to be so near related to the *Ottoman* Family, would soon acknowledge his fault, and endeavour to make amends for it; but that the *Bashaw* abusing his moderation, had persisted in his former sentiments, and that after he had been such a coward, as to fly before a handful of Christians, he had broken the ranks of the *Mussulmans*, and put the whole Army into confusion; that two *Bashaws* having been frightened like Children, had increased the disorder, of which the Christians had made so good use, that if he had not used all necessary precautions to keep in the flying Soldiers, and to make an orderly and honourable retreat, all his Highnesses Army, had run the danger to be cut in pieces; that afterwards having had intelligence, that those *Bashaws* being ashamed of their cowardise, were about

bout making secret Cabals, that might be of a dangerous consequence, he had judged it necessary to punish the criminals without any delay, that he might by their death stop the Rebellion in its cradle; nay he assured him, that having no more Traitors nor Cowards in his Army, he should advantageously repair in the next Campaign, the losses he had made by the ill conduct of those unworthy Officers. The Grand Seignior being perswaded by the reasons, and satisfied of the zeal of his Visier, approved of all he had done, and as a witness of his satisfaction, he sent him a new Standard with Seven Horse tales, assuring him he would for ever honour him with his favour, and provide him abundantly with all necessaries, that he might be enabled to revenge upon the Christians, the great affront he had received at *Vinna*.

The Princess heard very confusedly of her Husband's Death, and conceived, he had been slain in the War, her grief hindered her to hearken to

the other circumstances of his death, which none was very forward to acquaint her with. She pay'd a great tribute of Tears to his Memory, but was soon comforted with the thought that the Grand Visier loved her still, he arrived at *Buda* about that time, to receive there the great Standard the Grand Seignior had sent to him, together with all the Testimonies of his esteem, he might wish for. So being assured again of his Masters favour, he thought of nothing but to clear himself before the Princess, he could not but know how great was her esteem for her Husband, and he doubted a while whither he should see her, or no, but the new tokens he had just now received of the *Sultan's* kindness, made him so proud, or rather his love made him so impatient, that he resolved to demand an audience of *Basch-lari*, pretending he had an Order from the Grand Seignior to communicate to her. The Princess received him with a great shew of sadness, and desired him to
give

give her time to wipe off her Tears. The Grand Visier, who expected a greater transport, because he supposed she knew already, what kind of Death had robbed her of her Husband, begun his own apology; and told her, he had passed by the *Bashaw* of *Buda's* faults, as long as he could; but that having occasioned the loss of the best part of the Army, he durst not put off his punishment any longer, for fear of exposing his own Head to the Grand Seignior's wrath. *Basch-lari* was ready to dye with grief at this discourse, which let her know, that her Husband was dead both by the Hangman's hand, and by the order of her Lover. These cruel circumstances vexed her so much the more, because she could not but be conscious of her having had a great share in his crime, her love did nevertheless plead for the Visier, but she was seized with such an horror for his cruelties, that *maugré* all the secret motions of her heart, she reviled him grievously, and threatened him to Strangle him with her own hands,

hands, except he would presently be gone; when he was retired, she condemned her transport, and though she was satisfied of the justice of her grief, yet she perceived, her anger had made her speak against her true sentiments; but revolving in her mind a minute after, that neither the respect he owed to her, nor the fear of displeasing her, had been able to take him from the black design of Strangling her Husband, she thought herself highly injured by so criminal a boldness, and that both glory and duty obliged her to be revenged of *Mustapha's* cruelty. These last sentiments prevailing upon her, she was ashamed of her weakness; and believing, she had overcome the secret revolt of her heart in the Grand Visier's favour, she departed from *Buda* for *Belgrad*, with a firm resolution to petition the Grand Seignior against *Mustapha*, about the unjust Death of her Husband. In the mean time, the Grand Visier, who resented to the quick the Princess's anger, did endeavour with gifts to draw in her

Women and Eunuchs to his interest, perswading himself, that time and love would do the rest. Neither did he neglect to write to the Grand Seignior, and prepossess him upon *Basch-lari's* discontent, he let him understand, amongst other things, he could hardly imagine, that a Princess of the *Ottoman* Blood, could be sorry for the Death of a Husband, who had no courage; his Letter had more effect than he expected. The *Sultan* seeking to justify his Visier by all means, that might shine to the Eyes of the People, send Orders to the Princess not to come to *Belgrad*, and letting her know, he would see nothing, that might remember him of a Man, who had made himself unworthy of the honour of his alliance, he sent her back to *Constantinople*, attended by a Minister of the *Alcoran*, who declared to her that the Grand Seignior being willing, to condemn the Memory of the *Bashaw* of *Buda* to an eternal oblivion, and to blot out the remembrance of his alliance, with the *Ottoman* Family, had

had made choice of *Baslaw Ibrahim* to be his Brother in Law; he told her farther, the *Sultan* would very willingly own her to be his Sister, and see her with pleasure, as soon as he could look upon her, as the Wife of a Man whom he loved, not as the Widow of a Traytor. *Basch-lari* was at first surpris'd at this harangue; but when she had made reflection, that 'twas not lawful for her to oppose the Grand Seignior's Command, and that, by this Match she could both revenge the Death of her late Husband, and free herself from the cruel necessity, she was in, to speak against her Lover, she consented with less repugnancy, to Marry *Baslaw Ibrahim*, who was a Young Man endowed with many excellent parts. A little while after, the Grand Seignior arriv'd at *Constantinople*, where he received his Sister with all the respect she might wish for; and now conceiving it would be a pleasant piece of news to the Grand Visier; which he had left at *Belgrad*, he acquainted him with that Marriage, to shew him that he sought
to

to destroy the Memory of the *Bashaw* of *Buda*, by all means that lyed in his Power. The Grand Visier, who had flattered himself, that the Princess should be appeased by length of time, was mighty troubled at the news of her being Married, and when he knew, that *Bashaw Ibrahim* had reaped the fruit of all the pains he had taken, to undo that of *Buda*; he fell into so deep a Melancholly, that he troubled himself no more, either to keep his credit, or maintain his fortune; he had advice, the *Sultaneß* Mother was about making new cabals against him, and that *Gran* was besieged by the Christians, but he neglected to relieve that place, and scorned to go and justifie himself to the Grand Seignior, choosing rather to perish, than to be a witness of *Bashaw Ibrahim's* happiness. The Grandees of the Port, being tired with the Tyranny of the Visier, who had lost by his fault the best Troops of the Empire, had vainly attempted to destroy him in the *Sultan's* mind, but after the taking of *Gran* by the Duke
of

of *Lorrain*, the *Sultaneſs* did ſerve herſelf ſo well of this favourable juncture, that the Grand Seignior being amazed at the dayly reports of the ill poſture of his Affairs, begun to alter his Sentiments for the Grand Viſier. Now, the Janiſſaries who could not find in their hearts, to forgive him the foul trick he had plaid upon them, in abandoning their Comerads to the fury of the Chriſtians, at the Siege of *Vienna*, and being countenanced by the ſecret contrivances of the *Sultaneſs*, they did tumultuouſly repair before the *Serraglio*, and demanded the Head of that Miniſter, as the preſent condition of Affairs rendered ſuch ſeditions very dangerous, the *Sultan* ſpoke to them with much courage and firmneſs, and cauſing ſome Money to be diſtributed amongſt them, he diſmiſſed them with hope, that he would mind how to ſee them ſatiſfied. The *Sultaneſs* together with all the Grand Viſier's Enemies, renewed their intereſt againſt him, and endeavoured to perſwade his Highneſs, that the Empire was threat-

threatned with a general insurrection; except he would sacrifice his Visier to the publick hatred; at last, the Grand Seignior consented, the business should be referred to the *Musti's* judgment, his case was brought under borrowed names, before him, who after a long debate thereof with the ablest Divines of the Empire, voted at last, and wrote with his own hand, that he who had committed those faults, which he had just now examined, was worthy of Death. The Grand Seignior did nevertheless keep this resolve secret a great while, but being pressed by his Mother, he made choice of two *Agas* of the Janissaries, which he knew to be Wisemen, and giving them in charge to behave themselves with an extraordinary prudence, he gave them a Hatcherif, and commanded them to go secretly to *Belgrad*, and Strangle the Grand Visier. The two *Agas* being arrived at *Belgrad*, let *Mustapha* understand, they were sent by the Grand Seignior to take just measures with him, about the things he might want for,

to.

to be ready against the next Spring to take the Field, and repair by some great exploit the miscarriage of the last Campaign. The Visier who was not ignorant of the Plot, that was a hatching against him at the Port, had some suspicion, that their errand was only to demand his Head, and delayed a while to give them audience. The two Wise *Agas* shewed no impatience at all to see him, on the contrary they sent him word, that they came meerly to wait for his Orders, and would stay as long as he pleased. This prudent carriage deceived the Visier; he assembled the *Divan*, and received the two *Agas*, one of them served him with the *Sultan's* Hatcherif, which was packed up in a small Bag of Velvet; at the same time the other *Agas* untied his Girdle, made up with several little silk twists, and threw it upon the Grand Visier's neck, who was reading the first lines of the Warrant, he seemed to be surprised, named the Princess without explaining himself farther, and observing upon the face of the Officers, that

that fate about him, no motion, which might put him in hopes of a revolt in his favour, he desired the *Agas* to grant him time for a short Prayer, and then was Strangled; his Head was carried with speed to *Constantinople*, where it made a very pleasant Spectacle to the People, and especially to the Janissaries. The only *Basch-lari*, who loved him still, *maugré* all the reasons she had to complain of him, paid Tears to his Memory, and not being able to endure, that the Head of a Man, whom she had honoured with her esteem, should be exposed to the scoffs of the rabble, caused it to be secretly taken away, and decently Buried.

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A circular library stamp from the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The text "BODLEIAN" is at the top and "OXFORD" is at the bottom. In the center, there is a small emblem. To the left of the stamp, there is a handwritten number "6" with a long, thin line extending downwards from it.

